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EXCELLENT NEWS comes out of France to delight all who love that country and wish to see Europe progress toward peace and stability. The army is to be cut at once from 650,000 to 400,000 and compulsory training reduced from eighteen months to one year, real steps toward disarmament, the more welcome because of the discouraging role played by the French delegates to the international disarmament conference. Not only will this help France financially, it is further proof of that change of French spirit which marked Locarno, Geneva last September, and Thoiry. Meanwhile the franc has gone on improving, until it is now quoted at 3.30 cents—indeed, the progress is so great as to make some fear that it is almost too rapid. Again, we have the news of still another rapprochement between industrial Germany and industrial France by which real advantages are obtained for the metallurgical industries in the Sarre and in Lorraine, by assuring to them a free market for a large quantity of their products. No less than 1,700,000 tons of raw and finished steel will enter Germany free of duty. Thus the leveling of tariff barriers, demanded by the bankers' free-trade manifesto, has begun, and the close industrial cooperation of the two former enemies is hailed in both countries as a new bond for peace.

HOW MUCH LONGER are Americans going to stomach such weasel-worded sentiments as President Coolidge voiced in his Kansas City address on Armistice Day? It would seem as if the day of balanced periods and contrasted sentiments, of the on-the-one-hand and on-the-other type of oratory, might soon be past. Just as in his Omaha address, Mr. Coolidge was for preparedness and yet against a rivalry in armaments; he was for peace, but he rejoiced that we had been at war to protect our honor and our rights. He was first sniffingly humble and then disgustingly proud and conceited. Europe, he said, is reported to hate us, and he adds, childishly, "this means our interests have come within the European circle, where distrust and suspicion, if nothing more, have been altogether too common. *To turn such attention to us indicates at least that we are not ignored!*" To this gem the President added a few minutes later: "If the American spirit fails, what hope has the world?"—a question that will be very candidly answered from Europe. Throughout, the address is sophomoric and muddled to a degree, full of almost incredible banalities, and notable only for its announcement that capital is to be conscripted in the next war to end war and that he will move no further toward putting us into the World Court.

IT IS HIGH TIME for a new agitation for a federal anti-lynching law. The South met the movement in 1922-23 with the argument that it would take care of its own lynchers. And for a time it seemed to do so. The number of lynchings which had averaged more than thirty a year, fell to 16 in 1924 and to 18 in 1925. But now the country seems to be conspiring to make a new record for this peculiar American form of bestiality. Already the total for 1926 is almost twice that for 1925 and in the last month crime has followed crime. On October 1 three nameless Negroes were burned by a mob near Miami, suspected of having stolen goods from storm victims. The sheriff states that he believes the charge untrue; but the men are dead. The Governor of South Carolina has sent an investigator to Aiken to study the lynching of the three Lowmans there, but there is no hint of real action, despite the fact that the New York *World* has bravely exposed data to justify several jail sentences, in one of the finest campaigns in American newspaper history. October's record also includes the lynching of a Negro charged with murder in Tennessee, and the hairbreadth escape of a Mississippi Negro whose friends motored him out of the State; November began with a combination of white and redman's methods in Montana, where a Negro was burned to death in his barn by Indians who set the barn aflame with fire arrows. In Texas on November 10 brave white men crushed the head of one Negro after wounding him with gunshot, and burned two others in their log cabin. If the doctrine of State rights permits such crimes it needs revision. South Carolina's is a test case. The Governor knows who is guilty; they are

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his friends; will he dare bring them to justice—or will he prove that federal legislation is the only solution?

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN Congregational ministers in England, after partaking of the communion from a chalice made in prison by a conscientious objector, recently signed this pledge:

> Believing that we are called by our understanding of Christ to unreserved abstention from war, and to a complete dedication to peace as the only true defense of our most treasured loyalties and loves, we covenant together before God, praying that in the day of calm we may win others and that in the time of storm we may stand firm to our witness.

The World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, meeting in Philadelphia, has just called upon America to take the lead in calling a conference to outlaw war, and voiced its opposition to military training in public and high schools. Harry Emerson Fosdick in his Armistice Day speech denounced the War Department for its attempt to "turn our high schools into military academies and our universities into West Points." Are the churches at last awakening?

HENRIETTA PERKINS, the managing editor of the *Beanpot*, Boston University's humorous weekly, was forced to resign her position a year and a half ago because she had published an issue ridiculing compulsory military training and the local R.O.T.C. Last spring compulsory military training was abolished by the new president of the university, and in his annual report, recently made public, he explains why. Briefly summarized, President Marsh's reasons were as follows: First, he is a true American and as such is opposed to militarism; second, he believes that preparedness is no guaranty of peace; third he holds that Boston University was founded "to promote virtue and piety and learning" and not to train men to fight; fourth, he is a Christian and believes that Christianity is opposed to war and hence to militarism. President Marsh's statement is vigorous and courageous; with more dignity, it is as vigorous and courageous as were the earlier utterances of Henrietta Perkins. We hope—with some confidence—that the president of the university will not meet her fate.

HARVARD MEN may well hang their heads with shame over the ending of the athletic relations of their university and Princeton. This is not because the *Harvard Lampoon* issued an incredibly ungentlemanly and ill-tempered number on the eve of the Harvard-Princeton game. President Lowell is right in saying in his apology for this bit of undergraduate folly and bad manners that freedom of utterance of these publications is to be adhered to even if there are occasional lapses from the standards which any group of well-bred college men might be expected to uphold. The trouble is that the initiative came from the Harvard athletic authorities in their sudden and unexpected move this fall to alter the relations with Princeton, apparently for the purpose of creating the opportunity, by dropping Princeton, for a mid-Western football game. For that the only excuse would seem to be a desire to cater to the mid-Western graduates and to advertise the college in the Middle West. Whatever the motive, the action was stupid and thoroughly deserved the rebuke so swiftly and effectively administered by Princeton. To a wrong policy has been added not only a disgusting exhibition of bad manners but a reception in Cambridge of the news of the break with a superciliousness that can only add to the great unpopularity of Harvard University throughout the country. All of which is another argument for the abolition of all of these hippodrome intercollegiate contests and the limitation of undergraduate activity to intramural sports.

IT IS WITH A START that one reads that Louis Brandeis has passed his seventieth birthday, so young and resilient is the quality of his mind. Ten years on the Supreme Court have not dimmed the zest for thinking which has made him an inspiration to successive generations of young men and women. Much of the credit for the first Wilson Administration belongs to this man who so deepened the President's thinking. In the Supreme Court he has stood again and again in a minority with that other valiant justice, Oliver Wendell Holmes, now eighty-five years old; but as Justice Learned Hand points out in the *Jewish Tribune*, he has profoundly molded the American conception of the law, chiefly in

> the doctrine, often repeated, that the law can be successful only when founded upon patient inquiry into the economic and political facts from which alone safe generalization is possible. He will not admit the pretensions to universality of doctrines drawn from another social order, axiomatic, like most axioms, because they respond to prejudices too deep to tolerate question. In their stead he has insisted upon detailed research into the daily working of large industry and of the Great Society. This may seem an obvious approach; in fact, it represents a diametrical departure from the last five decades of American law.

BERNARD SHAW'S reported quip upon hearing that he had been awarded the Nobel prize in literature for 1925—"It must be because I published nothing in 1925"—suggests, we fear, that he is not the scandal he used to be or ought still to be. Mr. Shaw has thrived on nothing so much as his unpopularity; his temperament in its prime felt itself chiefly when it was opposed. Does the universal vogue of his dramas, followed now and sealed by the award of a literary prize, indicate that he has become a prophet not without honor in all countries? If it does we are sorry—for it is far from being true that the world, as some say, has caught up with Shaw. It has been pointed out that the Nobel prize in literature frequently if not always goes to an author who sums up in his works the national genius which he represents. Is it the implication, then, that the Irish people are one with the author of "Back to Methuselah"? They are not that, nor are the people of any other country we know anything about. To be sure, Mr. Shaw has recently spoken well of his people because of all that they have endured from his critical tongue; but he would be the last to agree that nothing remained to be remarked. As to his deserving the Nobel prize there can, of course, be no doubt. We only hope that no one will suppose his claws to have been thereby rendered harmless.

AGUSTO TURATI is secretary-general of the Fascisti in Italy. By a cruel slip we named Filipo Turati last week as holding that position. Filipo Turati is, of course, the veteran leader of the Italian Socialists, resolutely opposed to all dictatorship, Fascist or Bolshevik.

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Joseph Cannon

THERE was much of the roughness of the soil about Speaker Cannon—to give him the title by which he will best be remembered. He dated back to the pioneer days of Illinois, and the men who first tilled those prairie fields were coarsened by hardship and, often enough, by privation. Rabelaisian Mr. Cannon could be and frequently was. Like Lincoln, his stories were not always intended for polite society, and the pungent oaths with which he permeated his conversation accounted for some of its natural color and force. He constantly suggested Lincoln in other ways—in the native shrewdness of his comments, in his thoroughgoing knowledge of the homespun Americans of whom he was one, in the lankiness of his person. If ever a Congressman was typical of his community it was Cannon, and his constituents recognized it by returning him to Congress for forty-six years, when he was in good and when he was in ill repute. They loved and revered him, and no charge that he was a parliamentary czar or that he tyrannized over the House by rules which had to be altered over his protest affected their loyalty to him. He could do no wrong in their eyes; he might have pecadilloes, he might go too far at times, but Joe Cannon was rural Illinois in Washington. There experience and native ability made him a remarkably able and useful legislator along technical governmental lines.

There can be no doubt that he was that too rare thing, a rugged personality. One might like or dislike him—his was a character unafraid, unashamed, and downright. Even the men who fought him hardest respected him; they always knew where he stood and where he was to be found. They knew him, too, as a hard fighter, but on the whole a pretty fair one, and they knew that he recognized but one master and that the Republican Party. To him his own party was perfect and its every policy ideal, especially the protective tariff. If ever a man sincerely believed that abolition of protection meant complete disaster and the reduction of the American workingman to the status of the despised foreigner it was Cannon. More than that, the span of his active political life measured not only the rise but the transformation of his party from the idealism which gave birth to it and made it the home of all who cherished human liberty into a sordid organization which repeatedly bought its Presidential victories by tariff favors auctioned off to the highest bidder or by downright cash paid out for voters in "blocks of five" or by the only slightly subtler purchase of "watchers" today.

Mr. Cannon helped to make the party the tool of big business, and he helped to enthrone the swollen capitalism of today in the seats of the mighty in Washington. An idealist? Never in his later years, whatever he may have been in his youth. He was a Simon Legree with the party whip; he was Napoleonic in riding roughshod to party ends. For "mugwumps" or independents, he had only contempt; such were traitors. His party had saved the nation; the nation was its to spoil—or rather to weld according to its wish, and, of course, its wish was the highest form of wisdom. So it was idle to appeal to him for freedom for the Filipinos or to make any appeal based upon the belief that men rank higher than property or upon the brotherhood of man. Like his party, he became entirely cynical; unlike it he was not corrupt. Dethroned as Speaker, he could take defeat philosophically and live to see a greater triumph for party control of the House and for the crass materialism of the hour than he had ever dared to hope.

Shake Hands!

IT is hard to say who takes more of the joy out of life, the moralists or the hygienists. It seems to be nip and tuck between them. The moralists have already forbidden us to take a nip and now the hygienists—the joke doesn't quite work out, but the hygienists, in the person of Dr. Louis I. Harris, Health Commissioner of New York City, are out against the habit of shaking hands, something we always regarded as so innocent a pastime as to be almost innocuous. In fact, we felt the handshake to be so innocent that its disuse on that account by the younger generation was imminent. By classifying the handshake among dangerous, if not wicked, occupations, Dr. Harris has perhaps given it a new lease of life. He says:

> For instance, a person whose hands have perspired and are moist shakes hands with a friend. The friend, whose hands may or may not have been soiled, contracts any disease germs on the other fellow's hands. Unconsciously, one puts one's hand up to ward off a sneeze and the germs are blown onto the hand. In hand-shaking, these germs are transmitted.

So the common handshake must pass into the discard along with the common towel, the common drinking cup, the common kiss, and other customs of our boyhood. There was a time when one could wash his hands and face in a restaurant or elsewhere on the day's route. Now one has to put on a wash before breakfast that will last until dinner. The paper towel fails to preserve either the temper or that schoolgirl complexion. The common drinking cup, too, was a comforting institution. It used to be possible to quench one's thirst in a public park, library, museum, or street without turning on a geyser and taking a shower bath as well as a drink. Then there is—or was—the common kiss. In our boyhood it was all right except when inflicted by a severe and unpopular aunt. People never rescued us then by suggesting that kissing was unhygienic. But the doctors decided a good many years ago that the practice was a means of transmitting germs, and we understand that it has gone out in our most hygienic society. It takes a good while, of course, to kill the custom entirely, and one who walks in the parks, travels on excursion steamers, rides on top of Fifth Avenue buses, or peeps into parked automobiles gets the painful impression that in unregenerate and rather extended circles the kiss is still both common and preferred.

Well, Dr. Harris, what do you prescribe in place of hand-shaking? The Maoris of New Zealand greet each other by rubbing noses, but that must be unhygienic too. Kissing the hand seems to have a mild boom in consequence of the visit of Queen Marie. But the New York *World* pronounces against it (Broun, J., dissenting) on the ground that American men do it so badly. Besides it is not likely that Senator Borah would permit anything so suggestive of entangling European alliances.

If we may no longer shake the hands of our friends in greeting, perhaps the only thing left is for us to shake our friends.

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China Talks in Her Sleep

BIG things are happening in China—epoch-making events. Paying no attention whatever to our Mr. Silas Strawn, who returned from his sojourn in Peking's Legation Quarter disgusted with chaos and civil war, China is calmly resuming her status as one of the great nations of the world. It is true that she has no central government; it is true that politically she is in the hands of a dozen petty military potentates who are engaged in constant war and are ruining her 7,000 miles of railroads; it is all the more impressive that in the midst of this apparent chaos she has been moving against the foreigner without division and, step by step, regaining her lost "rights."

The Government at Peking has no power to enforce its domestic edicts even within the red walls of the ancient city, but when it announces abrogation of one of the "unequal treaties" with a foreign Power, its edict is accepted even by the provincial governments which count themselves at war with Peking. Toward the foreigners China is impressively unanimous. There is no dissent; all China thinks and feels as one. Mr. Strawn and Mr. Balfour may complain that, much as they would like to take steps for China's relief, there is no government in China with which they can deal; the Chinese recall that when there was a strong central government the Powers shilly-shallied, and now, in the moment of their apparent weakness, they intend to free themselves—and they will.

Belgium has no gunboats in Chinese waters and no garrison in the Legation Quarter of Peking. The Great Powers are right in thinking that China has begun with Belgium in order to set a precedent where precedents will be most easily established; and that she intends to proceed from the particular case to the general application. The Chinese Government abrogated the old treaty with Belgium and announced its willingness to negotiate a new treaty on a reciprocal basis, but not to repeat the humiliating lessons of the past. And while the Powers have been mumbling and grumbling, and Belgium has been suggesting reference of the question to the World Court at the Hague, the plain fact remains that Belgian citizens in China today are without extraterritorial privileges.

The Western Powers have hitherto exercised the extraordinary "right" not only of collecting China's customs and duties for her, but also of fixing the customs at a uniform low rate. They have, at various conferences and in various treaties, suggested their readiness to improve the status, but when the time came for action they have been unable to agree. They have even insisted that China had no right under the treaties to add to the customs taxes a sales or consumption tax upon foreign-imported articles. Upon this point at least two of the provinces, Kwangtung and Chekiang, long ago broke away from the foreign leading-strings; their policy is now general. The salt taxes, nominally collected under foreign supervision and pledged to the payment of foreign loans, have also slipped from foreign control; but the customs hitherto have remained secure in foreign hands. Now Canton has formally notified the Powers that she intends to raise the duty-rate at Canton, and to apply the surplus receipts to recompense of the workers who have suffered in the sixteen-month-long strike and boycott against British Hongkong.

This action has its amusing sidelights. When the consular body at Canton protested, in the name of the foreign governments, against the decision, Canton's Foreign Minister replied that since the Powers did not recognize his Government he could not accept their protest. When they recognized Canton, he said, Canton would be glad to discuss with them. British government interests are reputed to have favored suggesting to British merchants that they refuse to ship goods to Canton as long as this tax was imposed. But British commercial interests in the Far East had a contrary view. Famished by the sixteen months of boycott, they demanded the right to ship their goods to Canton, however high a tax Canton might impose upon them. And their point of view won the day: British merchants are shipping British goods to Canton; and the Canton Government, under the noses of the silent British gunboats, is collecting the "illegal" tax.

Shantung is following Canton's lead. General Chang Chung-chang is imposing a 2 per cent ad valorem goods tax on all goods passing through his territory, and although the foreign merchants have held meetings of unanimous protest the tax is being collected. Of course the example will be followed elsewhere. This may be chaotic; it may be irregular; it may even defy the text of the old treaties; but the situation in which foreign Powers drew up the customs schedules and bound China to them, then collected the duties for China and applied them to payment of interest on foreign loans is too ridiculous to continue. The Powers have themselves to blame. They failed to correct this unjust situation while they yet had time. There are other injustices which the Chinese have not yet attempted to remedy. The national customs administration remains under British control, despite the facts that a treaty which Britain forced upon China assigned control to the nation which does the largest business with China, and that Britain's position in China is no longer first. And every cent of the customs revenue is deposited in the (British) Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, which uses these Chinese government funds not as the interests of China but as the interests of foreign business suggest.

From North to South the same Nationalist passion shows itself. It is significant that the Cantonese army, advancing in the name of nationalism, has been sweeping across province after province. Meanwhile, in this process of civil war, the Chinese factions are learning how to fight. Canton's victories were not won by vast masses of coolies fighting as listlessly as chess men. Canton fights with small bodies of well-trained and well-armed men—and wins. China now has at least three first-class arsenals, and others of smaller caliber. The end of the "chaos" which appalled Mr. Strawn may be a first-class military Power in a nation of 400,000,000 souls, animated and united by a dislike of Westerners. Our State Department and the other foreign offices would do well to rouse themselves and look for opportunities to prove that friendship for China which all politicians profess. Japan has reversed her role in recent years; she is the one foreign Power reported sympathetic to China's action upon the Belgian treaty, She knows China. If the time has not yet come it may soon arrive when talk of a pan-Asiatic bloc will be real.

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Are Teachers Muzzled?

THIS question has come up anew because of a decision of the Board of Superintendents of the New York City school system in the case of Abraham Lefkowitz, a teacher who has been denied promotion to head of a department. The Board of Superintendents does not like some of Mr. Lefkowitz's utterances and declares that he voiced his views with "insolence," "intemperance," and "vulgarity." Without mincing matters they declare that

> A teacher may not have one set of opinions for the classroom and another for the public platform. As a school-teacher, he has not the same rights as other citizens to print, publish, or declare his thoughts and opinions. He is no longer at liberty to "freely write, speak, or publish." This is not an interference with his rights as a citizen. His rights are as "free and untrammeled as they ever were."(!) He may at any time "emancipate himself from the shackles of the department and exercise his full rights as an American citizen" by resigning his position. As was said in the Clifford case: "It is, therefore, erroneous to say that his right of citizenship is abridged in any particular, and the courts have so held." In determining whether or not a teacher shall be promoted, the Board of Superintendents is obligated to take into account the history of the teacher, his public opinions, the persons with whom he associates, and his attitude toward governmental questions.

In other words, the teacher is placed in the position of a soldier or sailor, denied the right of freedom of speech, and compelled to keep silence if his convictions do not happen to coincide with those of the temporary set of officials who happen to be his employers.

William J. O'Shea, the superintendent of schools, is even more specific. In an interview in the New York *Evening Sun* Mr. O'Shea was quoted as saying:

> We do not wish to restrain the freedom of thought of any teacher so long as that freedom is kept within reasonable limits. We expect the teacher to differentiate between liberty and license. How could the teacher teach children under his care to love American institutions and principles, if, after school hours, he went out and berated American institutions and principles? We find that many of those who have done so are considered by medical men of some eminence as psychopathic. Thus they are more to be sympathized with than criticized. But as employees of the Board of Education it makes no difference to what societies they belong so long as they do not take advantage of their position to teach un-American doctrines.

Mr. O'Shea did not have Mr. Lefkowitz in mind when he said this, and, indeed, voted for Mr. Lefkowitz's promotion, but he reserves the right not only to deny promotion to teachers thoroughly satisfactory in the classroom if he does not like what they say or how they say it when they are off duty, but also to insinuate that they are pathological cases if it suits his purpose to do so—a blackguardly and cowardly act. He uses the language of every tyrant, every Pilsudski, every Mussolini. Of course, men of this type always protest that they want freedom of speech, but within what they themselves consider "reasonable limits" and "liberty, not license." Like the judges of the inquisition of every period and age of intolerance, they propose to decide what is reasonable and where liberty ends. What a dangerous precedent to set if the "outs" of today become the "ins" of tomorrow.

With all respect to the judicial decision cited, we deny that the Bill of Rights is ever forfeited by any American citizen, and that there is anything in the position of the teacher which distinguishes him from any other civil servant to the extent of requiring that he shall be muzzled and his utterances censored outside of his working hours. If the superintendents understood American traditions they would never join the attempt to deprive teachers of their civic rights. If they had that understanding they would know among other things, that there can be no drawing of the line in such matters by mere administrative officials. Who is wise enough to define what is the true Americanism of the day? The authorities of schools, cities, and States in the days of slavery frequently undertook to say that it was un-American to denounce slave-holders and that those who did so abused free speech and degenerated into license. Professor Charles Follen was dropped from Harvard University because of his anti-slavery views. Miss Prudence Crandall, who dared to instruct colored children in a private school, was forbidden to do so by the legislature and the officials of the State of Connecticut. Public opinion was at that time on the side of the officials, but history proved hers the true Americanism and that of the authorities base and spurious.

Whether the views to which the superintendents object are defensible or indefensible has nothing to do with the case. The teacher has a right to his own views and has a right to express them. If he advocates views or conduct which are contrary to the law, there are plenty of statutes to take care of the offender. But for petty officials to tell our teachers what to think and how to speak when outside of the classrooms is to dig the grave of the free-school system and to deal a most dangerous blow to the American republic. The superintendents aver that the offense of these teachers, one of them so fine a woman as Jessie Wallace Hughan, is not that they belong to certain societies, or hold certain views, but that they *avow* what is in their hearts. John Stuart Mill in his essay on liberty had a good deal to say about that social intolerance which would compel men to conceal their thoughts. He declared that "The price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind . . . the sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to the commonplace or time-servers for truth." If one believes that muzzled, conforming, and time-serving teachers can educate American boys and girls in the American spirit, one must stand with Mr. O'Shea. But if one thinks that the best teacher is he who is freest, then there must be the most vigorous dissent. Thomas Jefferson in his second Presidential inaugural proclaimed the right of any American in any place at any time to denounce this government, or to demand its dissolution or the substitution of something else for this republic. He wanted free and honest Americans; Mr. O'Shea demands servile, cowardly, groveling teachers who dare not say that their souls are their own. If there is anything of the good American spirit of revolt against governmental outrage left in the teachers of New York City they will unite to make life miserable for Mr. O'Shea and the Board of Superintendents until these officials realize the enormity of their offense against the American spirit.

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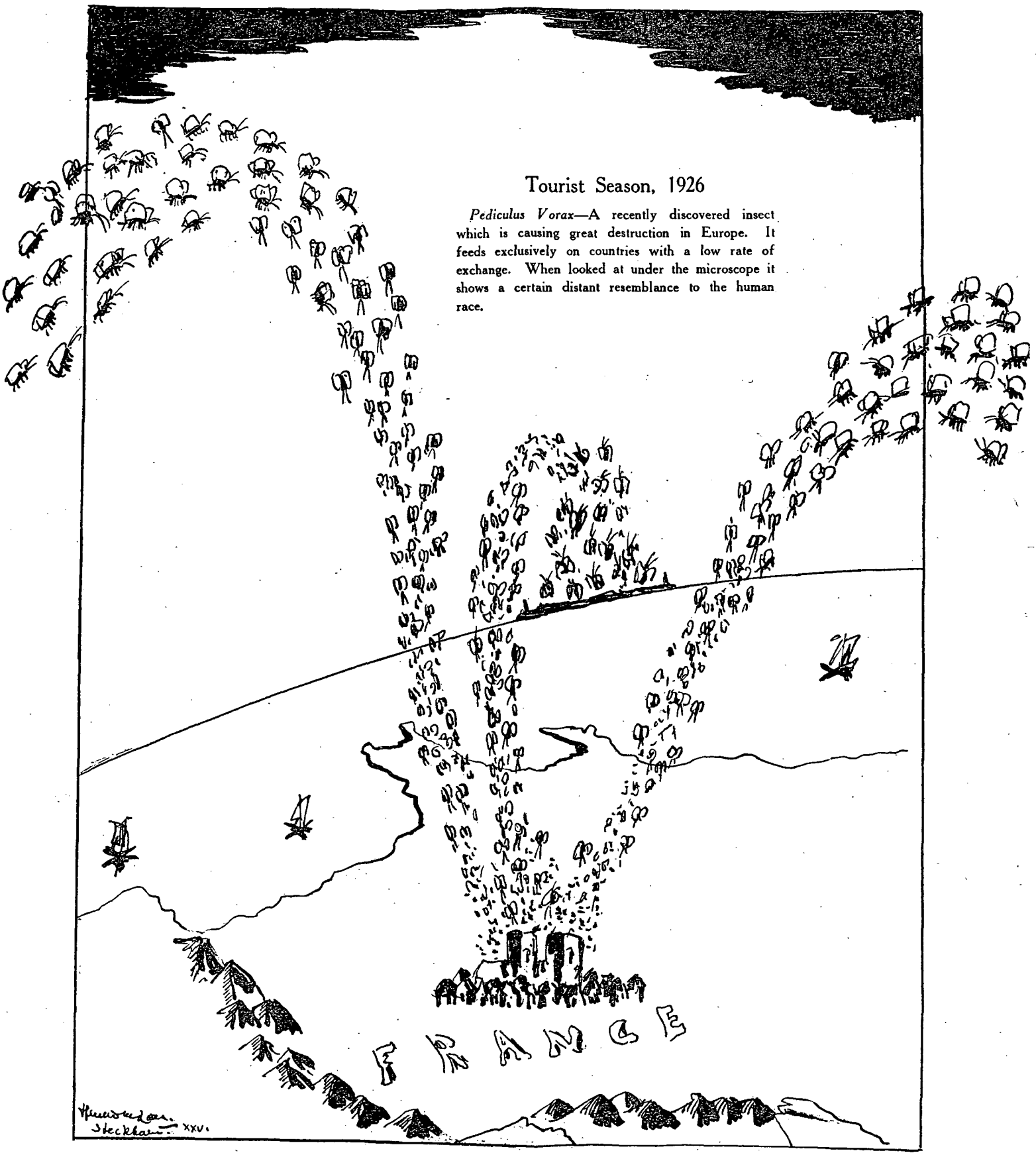
Tourist Season, 1926
Pediculus Vorax—A recently discovered insect which is causing great destruction in Europe. It feeds exclusively on countries with a low rate of exchange. When looked at under the microscope it shows a certain distant resemblance to the human race.
FRANCE

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Doheny and Fall Face Justice

By RAYMOND CLAPPER

EVEN when they have the best of lawyers defendants are sometimes confronted with the unpleasant necessity of going to trial. So on November 22 Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, and Edward L. Doheny, beneficiary of government oil leases, finally are to face a jury on charges of conspiracy to defraud the Government.

The case which comes before the District of Columbia Supreme Court is intricate, yet simple. Most of the major facts already have been established through the remarkable investigation led by Senator Thomas J. Walsh three years ago and in the civil suit to cancel the Doheny lease which the Government won in both lower courts and which is now before the Supreme Court of the United States on appeal. The present trial is the criminal phase of the affair to determine if there is any personal guilt. All of the facts hitherto established will have to be technically reestablished in the criminal trial. But that will be routine. Just one question confronts the jury—whether there was any connection between these two sets of circumstances:

On November 30, 1921, E. L. Doheny, Jr., arrived in Washington carrying a small black satchel given to him by his father in New York the night before. It contained $100,000 in bills. He was met by a tall, lean man of Western appearance, ragged mustache, hair fringed down around his coat collar in restrained Buffalo Bill style, a pair of small, shoe-button eyes with lids narrowed as if they had often looked down the cold steel of a gun-barrel—the Hon. Albert Bacon Fall, erstwhile prospector, miner, ranchman, lawyer, associate justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court, United States Senator from that State, Harding's private personal preference for Secretary of State but, by the grace of political influences, actually at the moment of this meeting the Secretary of the Interior in charge, by recent executive order, of all naval oil lands. The brisk young man handed the Cabinet officer the contents of the small black bag. Possibly a slip of paper was handed back in exchange; the young man's father insists that there was, though he only produced a torn scrap of what purports to be Fall's note for the money, with the signature missing. The young man returned to his father in New York; the Cabinet officer perhaps to the White House for the semi-weekly Cabinet meeting. Simple, quiet, smooth performance.

Two years later snooping Senators heard rumors. Fall denied he received any money from Doheny. Senators asked how about that $100,000 spent on Fall's run-down ranch and ten years of back taxes paid up about the time the young man made the trip to Washington? Fall insisted he received nothing from Doheny, but did borrow $100,000 from E. B. McLean, publisher of the Washington *Post*. McLean denied it. Then Doheny admitted he had been the Secretary's financial angel.

"We had been old-time friends," Doheny told the Senate committee. "We both worked in the same mining district. I was fortunate. Senator Fall was unfortunate. The amount of money I was loaning him was a mere bagatelle to me; it was no more than $25 or perhaps $50 to the ordinary individual. A loan of $100,000 from me to Mr. Fall is no more extraordinary. I am just an ordinary, old-time, impulsive, irresponsible, improvident sort of a prospector."

Shortly before the episode of the little black bag Fall and Doheny had been living in the same hotel at Washington. They had discussed in a general way a project for the construction of storage tanks in Hawaii to provide an oil-supply base for the navy. Two days before the black bag incident Doheny had written a memorandum to Fall outlining some features of a tentative deal. Passing over a long, intricate story, the result was that on April 25, 1922, five months after the incident related above, Doheny was given a contract, through his Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, to construct tanks at Honolulu to hold 1,500,000 barrels of oil for the navy. Doheny was to be paid for this with oil which the navy received as royalty from drillers on Teapot Dome and other government oil reserves. But soon it was found that the Government was not receiving enough oil to pay Doheny, so, on December 11, 1922, the big contract giving Doheny drilling rights in the 32,000-acre Elk Hills naval oil reservation in California was signed. These contracts and leases were all negotiated under the general direction of Fall with only technical assistance from the navy, as Harding, by executive order, had in May, 1921, transferred jurisdiction to Fall's Interior Department.

It was this second contract which gave Doheny access to the 250,000,000 barrels of oil in the Elk Hills reserve. This is the contract which he admitted to the Senate committee probably would return him a profit of $100,000,000. The earlier contract, in April, was undertaken, Doheny insisted, purely as a patriotic matter without thought of profit.

The little ruddy-faced, blue-eyed oil king told about it in an interview published in the New York *Times* of July 1, 1925. Doheny said that Rear Admiral J. K. Robison, chief of the navy bureau of engineering, and now retired, under whom young Doheny had served during the war, came to his New York home to tell him of the grave military situation. That was in 1921 during the Washington Arms Conference.

> In my mind's eye I can now picture the Admiral standing in front of the open-hearth fire gesticulating excitedly as he discussed the grave situation which confidential naval reports indicated confronted this country.

This situation was, as the Admiral outlined it, that a Pacific Power—Japan was obviously meant—had huge oil supplies ready for war and that the United States must concentrate oil at Hawaii to protect its navy fuel supply.

> He said that, though the public did not know it, war actually hung over the United States when President Harding called his arms conference; he called my attention to the fact that my home, the home of my son and of my grandchildren, of all that I hold dear, were out here on the Pacific coast, and he asked me to consider the rest of

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the people on this coast and their position much as I would consider that of those near and dear to me.

The Admiral urged Doheny to undertake construction of oil storage tanks at the Hawaiian naval base. Further development of the naval base there hung upon the assurance that adequate storage tanks would be built.

> He appealed to me, not as a man in the oil business, but as a citizen of this country, to give to our Navy Department that assurance.
>
> And I gave it!
>
> On that December night, nearly four years ago, I pledged my word not only to Admiral Robison that my company and I would, when and if requested by the Government, formally offer to build and provision with oil its fuel reserve station at Hawaii, in exchange merely for crude oil from the naval reserves, and that this would be done at cost and without profit. I intended then, and nothing ever shook this intention, that this would be done, in so far as I could do it, even if it took the last penny of my resources.

The improvident old prospector again!

But fortunately for him, the navy was so hard pressed for royalty oil with which to pay Doheny's expenditures in this patriotic project that it had to turn over to him the 32,000-acre Elk Hills reserve to pay for the job. And the Lord, as usual taking care of the improvident, shaped it all so that Doheny was in line for a $100,000,000 profit on this second deal.

The Government's prosecutors, being no doubt mean old cynics, insist that if this be patriotism, it is of the sort that Dr. Samuel Johnson so conclusively defined.

The Edge of China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

I

THE Christian General's army had just evacuated Tientsin, and troops were pouring inland across the mud flats toward Peking. The railroad to the sea had ceased operating. A few British-American tobacco trucks carried opulent passengers through the lines to the seaport, but the route was uncertain and I decided to leave Peking by the back door—to take the train 120 miles to Kalgan and cross the Gobi Desert and the mountains by motor-car, striking the Trans-Siberian Railway, 1,100 miles beyond, at Verkhne-Udinsk.

This is the first of three articles in which Lewis Gannett describes his motor trip across Mongolia from the Chinese to the Trans-Siberian Railroad. In the second article, Mongolia a Nomad Republic, he gives his impressions of Urga, the capital, and of the "Red" Government which has ruled Mongolia since 1921—its customs and schools and sheep-taxes and personnel. The third article, Toward the Arctic Ocean, describes the trip across the mountains into Siberia—the route over which Russia is said to have sent aid to Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general" in North China.

Looters were at work in the suburbs, so the huge red city gates closed at five. The train was due to leave at seven; it did not leave until after midnight. All evening I sat on my bags in the Shichimen Station outside Peking's walls, while troop-trains poured through, carrying soldiers, horses, mules, coal, tents, automobiles, everything they could salvage, including engines from every railroad north of the Yangtze, and first-class cars full of officers. Suddenly in the midst of the alien turmoil I heard unmistakable American whoops, and there, leaping from a freight train, were six incongruous American marines on guard over four carloads of coal intended for the Legation. The cars had been sitting in that station or near it for three days; and after reciting their lives and loves the boys set up their army cots and went to sleep on top of the coal.

About me on the cold floor, some smoking long pipes, some munching hunks of bread, some asleep, some just squatting, were Mongols in gorgeous fleece-lined robes of turkey-red, or fire-orange, or water-blue, knotted at the waist with vividly contrasting sashes; with long boots of green or red-stitched leather that turned up and out at the tips like the corners of a Chinese roof, and on their heads spiked helmets of basketwork lined with fur, simple turbans of flaming color, or structures of rich brocade and cloth of gold. Outwardly the women were utterly indistinguishable from the men—though with headgear removed they revealed their wealth in strange ornaments of beads and semi-precious stones. Weaving in and out about us was an Oriental parade—more Mongols; Chinese boys, men, women; my coolie—a lad of perhaps 15, naked to the waist except for a buttonless coat; Marshal Feng's gray-clad soldiers with their weird fur caps; girls in long silk robes of exquisite pattern, and girls in cotton trousers; men in Chinese skull-caps, Western stocking-caps, Western felt hats; policemen in black uniforms—not a white face among them, and no one in a hurry—all moving with the infinite patience of the Orient. . . . Did the Chinese in pre-foreign days wear such gay colors as these Mongols? Royalty, to the end, dared color in stone and tile, but the masses today are a dull army in blue-cotton overalls.

My train pulled in at ten, and departed some time after midnight. To my surprise the berth promised at Army Headquarters was real. In the midst of a retreating army I slept in peace.

I woke up at the Great Wall and scrambled into my clothes too late to snap a picture before the engine began snorting for departure. But I could see it from the train—the only monument of man that is visible from the moon. It is an incredible thing, a sort of human attempt to rival the volcanic energy that tossed up the mountains. Over the boldest of the jagged rock-peaks this enormous creature streaks its way like a flash of lightning—soaring, leaping, stopping at nothing, losing in its infinite length the awe of mass and becoming a delicate thing of grace.

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And it leaps from the sea to the Tibet borderland—as far as from New York to Chicago—and was built two thousand years ago.

All morning we rode through Asia—brown mountains behind a brown plain of frozen mud; mud-walled villages indistinguishable from the grave-dotted plain—graves here are mere heaps of earth in the midst of tilled fields; now and then a city of castellated walls, built of bricks made from the same brown mud. The eternal Chinese, in their eternal blue cotton, leaned, arms muffed in the opposite cuffs, against the station walls or against their homes, watching with passionless attention the daily spectacle of life. Only the putteed soldiers of the "Christian" army had a trace of the energy of the West. We passed one large city with walls that must have been forty or fifty feet high; in places the sand of this grassless country, where the wind drives the dust all winter, had swept up and drifted first against and finally clear over the ancient bricks and was sifting down inside the city. The past still lived, but the desert present was engulfing it.

In Kalgan China and Mongolia meet. The streets straggle up and down the bare hills, and every other shop sells furs. Soldiers and camels were everywhere; the ricksha tries to support itself in Kalgan, but the frozen ruts make it a miserable conveyance. A ricksha boy with wisps of English led me to the deserted site of the "Pioneer Inn"; we climbed the gate and knocked at doors that swung desolate in the wind. Across the fields I spied an American flag flying over a brown compound; it was the Consulate, and there I learned the whereabouts of the new inn. Williams, its American proprietor, was somewhere in Mongolia; his Dutch wife was in Peking; their children spoke only Chinese; but a Chinese "boy" knew some English and, after I had tried in vain with all the languages I could muster, bought for me a sheepskin sleeping-bag, a tall fur hat, beefsteak, eggs, bread, and cheese. At the Russian transport agency I managed, with the aid of three Russians each of whom knew a few words of German, to discover that one of the famous desert Dodges was leaving next day for Urga, and to convey the information that I wanted passage. It cost me $30 gold—for a five-day, seven-hundred-mile trip.

Our car—like all the desert cars—was a marvelously rigged Detroit Dodge with a heavy iron superframe built around a touring-car body, so that the running-boards could hold several hundred pounds each. Two tons of freight—mostly cigarettes and tea, apart from water and gasoline for the long journey—were loaded in; the two Chinese passengers climbed on top of the boxes; I, privileged, sat beside the driver. Our passenger list was unwontedly short; we passed Williams returning from Urga carrying nineteen Chinese, wadded with furs and roped in. The Chinese know how to dress for that climate—felt boots, skin trousers, fur hats, and long lamb's-wool-lined *tsubas* that reach the ground and go once and a half around them.

The car wound its way through the camel-crowded streets, stopped to present credentials at the heavily armed gate outside the city, and then headed straight into the mountains. Always we went up. We lurched and stumbled up a rocky river-bed; slipped through dirt canyons worn in the soft *loess;* passed villages dug out of these soft hillsides, with paper-covered windows cut in the earth, and other villages huddling against rock cliffs; cities with crumbling high walls, and tiny mud villages with towering brick-kilns. Each pass seemed only to open new heights beyond. But gradually the peaks softened. The jagged rocks gave way to brown, tilled fields. Sheep and cows appeared. The villages were sparser; this was bandit country on the edge of China, where the robbers find escape into the desert easy. A caravan had been robbed the week before, and a car reachd Urga with its passengers but minus its freight two days after us. This, too, is the frontier country of Inner Mongolia into which the Chinese pioneers drag their plows and oxen each year a little further, gnawing away the no man's land that was once the proud domain of Mongol princes.

We made only thirty miles the first day, but the next morning the plowed land disappeared; the country flattened out and became still more barren—we entered the Gobi Desert. Long caravans of camels passed us plodding steadily southward; we swept through camps where the burdens had been dropped in neat rows and the camels set free to graze or rest, while their Mongol drivers pitched lovely low turquoise-blue tents beside the packs. For miles and miles there was no sign of life—then a little group of *yurts*. The Mongol *yurt* is a round hut covered with camel-skin or felt. A lattice-work frame makes the shell—three or four feet high; then poles radiate hub-like to the top, which can be partly thrown open to let out the smoke. The low door may be of ornamental leather—or, more usual on this route, of Pratt's motor spirit tins and boxes. ("Pratt's motor spirit" is the pseudonym under which Socony "gas" travels in those parts, and the discarded packing-boxes and tins are revolutionizing Mongol life along the auto-routes.) Camel-dung is heaped around the base of the *yurt* to keep out the cold. Camel-dung, indeed, is the sole fuel in that country—it blazes up quickly and the huts warm easily. I felt very grateful to it on those cold Gobi nights. In summer the *yurts* are demounted and packed—a whole hour's job—and moved to greener fields. For the whole seven hundred miles we played hide and seek with a line of telegraph poles, which is, I suppose, the modern equivalent of the old Great Wall and probably a better defense. Sometimes the desert was utterly bare, mere sand or bedrock; sometimes it was fairly grassy, sometimes wild and rocky. It was exhilarating to know that there were such great open spaces still untamed and uncombed. Against the level sunset sky, speeding faster than our car, long lines of racing antelopes—Gobi gazelles—would often silhouette themselves. The ponies roamed everywhere—sometimes in herds of a thousand. Sometimes the car stuck in the sand and we had to shovel out ruts; sometimes, near the water-holes, it was bogged and we had to push. One day I counted for thirty miles and reckoned an average of five and half dead camels or camel skeletons per mile.

Name and date-line and decorative heading of Urga's only Mongolian newspaper, the Truth

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Prospecting for Buried Worlds

By IDA TREAT

"SPEAKING of the reposefulness of pure science . . . ." The Deputy-on-a-Vacation wiped a perspiring forehead that steamed copiously in the flare of the acetylene lamp and leaned his bobtailed excavating pick against the rock wall of the cavern. Between his spread legs, the bed of the trench he was digging showed a smooth layer of moist yellow clay. On either side squatted a fellow-prospector wearing the classic costume—hobnailed boots, mechanic's overalls, and tight Basque caps, the latter a prudent protection against jagged stalactites.

The three of us were grouped at the bottom of a deep, natural well, worn by water in one of the limestone foothills of the French Pyrenees—a well that plunged down at a sharp angle for nearly a hundred feet from the opening, but which a series of convenient landings rendered accessible without the assistance of a rope. Yards overhead, daylight filtered dim and blue through a fringe of stalactites. At the bottom, the pit widened into a star-shaped chamber out of which several low passages, none wide enough to admit a man's body, radiated like tentacles. We had vainly examined the smooth rock walls for prehistoric engravings, though these were scarcely to be expected so near the cave-opening. The next step was to search for traces of a hearth.

"This looks to me like another case of wasted effort." Bending over, the digger lowered the miner's lamp into the trench. "Small chance that human beings ever inhabited this hole. This is probably bear clay." As if in proof of that last statement, his fingers detached a white something from the bed of the trench. It was the canine of a bear, four inches long from the base of the root to the tip. "What did I tell you? No beast of this size ever shared his den with men!" Reaching for a slender poker-like tool, the speaker grubbed cautiously in the yellow clay. A few strokes brought up a second fragment—the lower jaw of a bear cub, its canines still imbedded in the bone. But clinging to the under side of the specimen, showed several lumps of soft black charcoal. There was a hearth after all! Working with tools and fingers, we laid bare the "culture layer": more coals, splinters of bone, the humerus of a reindeer, fragments of horn—ox or bison? But no flints. Only one archaeological specimen—the broken end of a bone dart deeply grooved along the middle—typical of the Magdalenian industry of the region, and proof positive that men of the Old Stone Age had built their fires in the *Tuto de la Mandro*—(the Fox's Hole). That sufficed. Gathering our tools we clambered up the steep passage toward the opening of the cave. Out of doors we masked the narrow entrance with brush and rocks. We had staked another claim.

Luck of that order, it may be added, is not often duplicated in weeks of prospecting. For buried civilizations like our buried treasures are not to be found down every fox's burrow, even in a country where the humblest rabbit-hole may lead to a mine for archaeologists. Though the enthusiastic searcher bears constantly in his mind's eye the vision of the Cave-Absolute, there are several hundred chances to one that he will never find it. The perfect cave—he knows in advance its every detail: the smooth curving walls and vault, ideal canvas for the cave-man artist; the long succession of galleries that end at the final "sanctuary" where a frieze of painted bison or mammoths stands out in sharp relief against the limestone ground. There will be hearths of course, on the surface, with bones that admit of identification, flint tools of classic cut, and weapons and ornaments of horn and ivory. . . . The ambition of the explorer has no limit. In spite of a long series of disappointments, he never penetrates a new cavern without the supreme confidence that this time surely he is going to "strike it rich."

Reality, however, wears a different aspect. The smooth white tunnel ends generally in a landslide, is choked with earth and stalagmite, or gigantic blocks of limestone fallen from the vault which nothing short of TNT would budge. The gallery that "must lead somewhere" dwindles to a crack in which the eager explorer, after wriggling for rods on his stomach, often wedges himself so firmly that only by vigorous tugging from the rear is he at last extricated. Then there are "unpleasant" passages, where a stratum of clay partially washed away between two rocky layers is cut by the fissures of many earthquakes. Underfoot, an unreliable crust of stalagmite; overhead, boulders protruding from a cheesy mass of *breccia* whose solidity is a matter for conjecture. Too chaotic to be of prehistoric interest, such passages must nevertheless be visited; the painted gallery may lie beyond. But the prospector advances gingerly, treads lightly on the uncertain stalagmite, avoids brushing against projecting rocks, and rarely fails to proclaim with suspicious firmness that floor and vault will undoubtedly last longer than the explorer. It is a curious fact, however, that whatever apprehensions he may experience generally disappear after the first visit. A cave revisited is like a house of a friend; no one thinks of questioning the solidity of the beams.

A blocked passage always represents a problem for the prospector. For a curtain of stalagmite masked the inner galleries of Niaux and shut off the chamber of the clay bisons at Tuc d'Audoubert. Stalagmite, if the layer is not too thick, breaks easily. A few hours' work with mallet and chisel will generally show whether the gallery continues. Earth, however, is another matter; every shovelful must be carried and deposited somewhere; and tons of it may be banked behind the first shovelful. The rock wall that bars so mysteriously an underground stream may prove a lesser obstacle. For that rock wall may represent a siphon; if you have the courage to dive through, you may come out—as we did at Montespan—in a gallery rich with prehistoric treasures. A clay-coated gallery often reserves surprises. There was one like a tunnel through the mud at the time of our first visit. A year later, whole slabs of the clay coating had dried and fallen, revealing the white rock-walls and rows of red Magdalenian dots.

Even in a country like the French Pyrenees where every clump of scrub oak may conceal the entrance to a prehistoric habitation, the scientific prospector finds few competitors. The natives keep prudently away from caves, which are currently supposed to be haunted by demons.

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Caverns of any size have generally been exorcised or sanctified by the presence of pious images, to the ultimate despair of prehistorians, as in the case of Lourdes. The openings of smaller caves, which threaten the welfare of domestic animals or hunting dogs, are prudently blocked with stones. Fortunately for the explorer, the custom of throwing dead animals into convenient holes is no longer a current practice; during the war the thrifty peasant learned by experience that a sick cow may represent as much profit as a well one, provided he disposes of it in time.

The countryside follows the activity of the explorer of caves with attentive suspicion. He is generally credited with hunting for treasures other than archaeological. Would any sane man risk breaking his neck down dark holes infested with evil spirits, if he didn't hope for concrete returns?

"I've got an—an object to show you." The Manchot waited until the last group of stragglers from the fair were well out of earshot before continuing, while he plunged a hand deep into the pocket of his alpaca blouse: "We found it in the potato-field. *Le voilà.*"

With an air of mystery, he produced a small bronze ax, curiously flattened. "It's very heavy," he hazarded, watching us narrowly.

"Naturally, a bronze tool—"

"We know of course that it contains gold," the Manchot pursued conversationally.

"Bronze," we repeated, "an alloy of copper, tin. . . ."

". . . . And platinum," he concluded, as if he had not heard. "You see, it's very solid. Neither hammer nor file leave any mark." Unfortunately for the specimen, the traces of his energy were only too apparent.

"In case you find another, don't repeat the experiment," we counseled. "That is, if you expect to sell it for ten francs to a collector."

Ten francs! the Manchot pocketed his treasure with indignation and went away grumbling. He at least was no fool and no city folk, however clever, were going to put anything over on him! The incident is typical. Not infrequently the discoverer of a promising site finds his plans for its excavation hopelessly blocked by the peasant proprietor and his hopes of lucre.

Fellow-archaeologists in France have a tacit agreement concerning territory rights. A given district is considered the legitimate hunting ground of the scientist who first began digging in the region. No colleague would think of "trespassing" within the imaginary boundaries. The foreigner however is less delicate. Today the dollar represents the principal bugbear of the French prehistorians. For how can French science, in these days tremendously handicapped for funds, hope to compete with the moneyed American who has been known to offer the peasant-owner of a prehistoric site as much as twenty thousand francs for the privilege of a single summer's digging?

"If Americans are interested in prehistory, it would be more generous to help us find the means to continue our research, rather than fight us with the one weapon which today we are powerless to wield," is the expression one hears constantly. There is much talk of pushing a law to prevent foreigners from excavating prehistoric sites. But the French Government will doubtless not care to risk offending even scientific America in these days of debts and agreements. In the meantime the dollar looms large as a potential enemy.

"You have found a site in the Pyrenees?" we were asked by a French prehistorian. "Then for God's sake hurry and get a hard and fast bail before the Americans get wind of it!" The current Americano-phobia has penetrated even the domain of pure science.

In the Driftway

AUGUSTE ESCOFFIER, celebrated French chef, who is said to know 10,000 recipes—eighty-nine for preparing eggs!—has been talking. Most cooks guard their secrets jealously, saying with a wave of the hand "Oh, sometimes I do it one way and sometimes another," or "Well, I take a pinch of salt, not too much butter, just enough milk, cinnamon according to taste—" As a rule a cook is a man of few words. He says it with flours.

* * * * *

MONSIEUR ESCOFFIER, having arrived close to his eighty-third birthday, has been letting a little wisdom ooze out. Even so, he says less about cooking than about eating—but that's a great art too. He does not condemn American cooking; presumably he is wise enough to know that it has its surpassing virtues. But in restaurants nowadays these are usually obliterated in a pitiable effort to imitate the methods of Monsieur Escoffier's own France, or at least to make one think so from the barrage of the menu card. Otherwise it is generally sunk without trace on the Athens-New York-Chicago route in favor of a cooking which is merely Americ*anized*—with, oh, what unhappy consequences! The Drifter would prohibit naturalization to all cooks. As long as they remain foreign they are usually excellent, but once they begin to salute the flag between every stir of the soup, they are ruined. What's worse, the soup is too. The Drifter has often heard doctors condemn the frying-pan. But it doesn't wreck half so many digestions as the melting-pot.

* * * * *

IN America, Monsieur Escoffier suggests, there is many a slip 'twixt the stove and the stomach. He names three: the cocktail, ice water, and the steam table. "You Americans," he says, "begin the meal with the cocktail, and those who do not take the cocktail in America take ice water; and I have seen many take the both. How can the palate, insulted with the cocktail and stunned by the cold, cold water, appreciate a delicate *plat?*" How, indeed! The cocktail, of course, does not concern us moderns. Monsieur Escoffier is French and may be pardoned for overlooking the fact that the cocktail was eliminated by the Volstead law. Ice water was not prohibited by the Volstead law—yet it is drunk in as great quantities as ever! As Monsieur Escoffier says, it stuns the palate. That, with some cooking, is not altogether a misfortune. But the prevailing practice in our restaurants of stuffing a glass with ice has made it impossible to get *fresh* water at all. And since the use of cracked ice became general no water bottle on a restaurant table is filled except when it gets completely empty. In some cases that would seem to be about once a week.

* * * * *

AND then the steam table—a device for spoiling cooked foods, especially vegetables, by letting them stand. But the steam table is not, as Monsieur Escoffier thinks, the

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fault of American hurry. Rather is it the result of our insistence upon "meals at all hours." The French do not attempt anything so ridiculous, as every American knows who has tried to get anything substantial to eat in Paris except between eleven and two or six and nine o'clock. Along with the steam table, Monsieur Escoffier ought to have condemned the general ice-box, in which ice takes the place of cleaning just as in water it takes the place of freshening. The steam table takes the flavor out of everything; the common ice-box gives the flavor of the strongest, say onions, to the weakest, maybe custard. It's democratic, but it's also what Sherman said of war.

* * * * *

THE Drifter would like to go on; but it's dinner time. He must make his way toward a steam table, toward a water bottle that has not been refilled since last Saturday. The cocktail, of course, has been eliminated by the Volstead law. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Coolidge for Mayor!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that President Coolidge approaches unemployment, do you not think steps should appropriately be taken to secure his election as Mayor of Northampton? What, otherwise, shall we do with him?

I trust *The Nation* will lend this movement its serious support. Many of us will gladly contribute to his campaign fund.

Boston, Massachusetts, November 5 L. H. J.

County-Jail System

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest the article in *The Nation* entitled Barbarism to Convicts. To my mind it does not strike at the real root of the trouble, the county-jail system itself.

A study of the county jails in New York State by a joint committee, headed by George W. Wickersham, former United States Attorney General, points to the necessity for committing sentenced prisoners to the custody of the State authorities and establishing a series of industrial farms under State control, similar to the farm colony of the District of Columbia established by Congress at Occoquan, Virginia. The National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor in cooperation with the General and State Federations of Women's Clubs is guiding a nation-wide movement for the abolition of the county-jail system. This is the one and only way to correct the abuses. The county-jail system was carried over to this country from England, but England has long since discarded it and placed all prisoners under control of the central government.

Alabama is not "the only State in the Union that tolerates the exploitation of its convicts for profit." It is the only State which turns its State prisoners over to private interests; but in some fourteen of the other States the exploitation continues under the prison-contract system. The "State and States' use" system will solve the prison-labor problem, but it is a process of evolution not revolution and it will require money, time, and brains to carry it in forty-eight States.

The Governor of Alabama cannot solve the Alabama problem alone. All the States must cooperate if this century-old scandal is to give place to a system of prison labor which will insure proper industrial training to the prisoner, support for his family, and fair play to the free worker.

New York, November 3 JULIA K. JAFFRAY,
Secretary, National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor

Saintly St. Louis

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The Constitution of the United States makes every man equal regardless of color or race. They can buy property anywhere, but a body of men can bind themselves together by making a contract not to sell to a Negro or any Mongolian races. This is the only way to get around the problem." This is a quotation from a statement by a St. Louis home protective association. Before the bar of justice this protective association stands alongside those who violate the Volstead, Harris, and Mann acts, and should suffer the penalty.

An investigation shows that those Negroes who live in restricted districts are law-abiding, industrious people who ask merely to be let alone—to live their lives in their own way. In many instances they are business and professional people seeking small, modern homes, not the barnlike structures most often offered to Negroes in so-called Negro neighborhoods. The Negroes attend strictly to their own business. The "invasion" of such people is feared, however, for they are black, and to be black in St. Louis is hell.

Why not let them live as and where they want to live, not as the Home Protective Association wants them to live?

The annual membership fee of this association is two dollars, but the association will pay the fee for anyone who cannot afford to pay this princely sum. Just think, a man who cannot afford two dollars a year dictating the living of some others—many of whom have spent years and fortunes preparing for their careers. Democracy! Christianity!

St. Louis, Mo., November 3 CARL KIZKAGE

How Old Is Will?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A phrase in my review of "Potemkin" [*Nation* 123:252] has brought me the following testimonial from the office of Mr. Will Hays:

MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS & DISTRIBUTORS OF AMERICA
WILL H. HAYS, President

Mr. Ernestine Evans,
c/o *The Nation*,
20 Vesey Street, New York City.

My dear Mr. Evans:

In your comment of September 15 appears this paragraph:

"Will Hays, who seems never to forget that the average mental age of the American public is fourteen years, and is so very careful lest the movies help to mature us."

Let me quote the following from many of Mr. Hays's addresses to set you straight on this subject:

"No one can reasonably demand that all motion pictures be constructed to fit the psychology of the 12-year-old boy or girl. The primary purpose of motion pictures is entertainment for the mature, and certain of life's problems and situations—perhaps not just the things for juvenile observation—must be picturized, if we are to have any drama in our photoplays. The general run of motion pictures are not now and never will be intended especially for the 12-year-olds. If all pictures were made suitable for the adolescent mind, the grown-ups would not patronize the motion-picture theaters, and if the theaters had to rely for their maintenance upon the patronage of children they would soon pass out of existence. Every thoughtful person—parents and guardians included—will accept that situation."

New York, October 22 H. L. RUSSELL, Editor

Mr. Hays is the Czar of the Movies. Presumably he knows what goes on in his realm. That he should find it "entertainment for the mature" is evidence of the irrepressible youthfulness of the monarch. Besides, I said "fourteen years," not "twelve."

New York, October 26 (MISS) ERNESTINE EVANS

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Foreign Book Section

Who Reads American Books?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN books at least the balance of trade has stood steadily against us. Abroad our label has been conspicuously displayed upon gramophones and cameras, sewing-machines and safety razors, but the European publisher so rash as to issue an American book has been more likely to conceal than to advertise the country of its origin. Since Emerson proclaimed, somewhat prematurely perhaps, our cultural independence, a whole line of patriots has echoed his theme, but their utterances have rung more convincingly in American than in foreign ears. Baudelaire described our country as "a gas-lighted barbarism"; Ibsen, notwithstanding the American reception of his work, dismissed us comprehensively as "hogs"; and Anatole France, even while he addressed some of us as comrades, did not always trouble to conceal his contempt for "these gaints with a child's brain." And yet there are signs to indicate that certain of our contemporary writers may accomplish in Europe a task at which even Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Whitman failed.

Theodore Dreiser received his first recognition from England. The American publisher who undertook "Sister Carrie" lost his courage when the wife of one of his officials declared herself offended by the proofsheets and he wriggled out of his contract by printing the book without offering it for sale. It was not until an English edition had received high praise abroad that it was issued here by an accredited publisher, and it is therefore not surprising that "An American Tragedy" should be hailed by British critics. Yet even in view of this fact those Americans who have felt, not without reason, that critics across the sea displayed a marked disinclination to praising American work will learn with unexpected pleasure of the glowing enthusiasm with which it is being received. In the *Nation and Athenaeum* Edwin Muir gives it superlative praise; one of the most distinguished London publishers has expressed to us in a private letter his warm admiration; and even the conservative *Spectator* is unreserved in its approval, incidentally rebuking those tender Americans who feel it necessary to qualify their praise with some reference to Dreiser's "atrocious style."

> Almost everyone in England [it says] had heard of Mr. Dreiser's great novel, considered to be the finest work of fiction yet produced in the United States. . . . Many had heard, too, that while "An American Tragedy" was impressive, it was full of faults, clumsiness, and stodgy passages. Examination proved a surprise, consequently. A novel stands or falls no more by the prettiness or ease of its phrases than it does by the number of copies it sells. To be great a novelist needs neither sweetness nor grace. The essential properties—wholeness, breadth, penetration, truth, vitality—are here. "An American Tragedy" is a very great and very portentous novel indeed. It is a sudden and even staggering vision of man in the grip of industrial civilization. It expresses a distress which every thinking person must have harbored secretly and which lesser, though doubtlessly equally sincere, prophets have expressed. . . . And if Mr. Dreiser tells this simple, plain story with so great a wealth of detail, in so many hundreds of pages, it is because he has seen why crimes of this sort happen, why smutched little boys like Clyde exist. . . . The rustic has a function in life, can feel some dumb satisfaction arise from his labors. . . . Far darker the lot of the average town youth. He has no skill with his hands, no joy of his strength, no concrete object for his ambitions. Other men see in him only one more rival in a race with no end and no rewards. Swift never indicted society half so forcibly as does Mr. Dreiser, since Swift did not believe that each of us is responsible. Swift believed in a Supreme Being; but there is a cold abyss as God of the great cities of America as Mr. Dreiser shows them to us. The Russian novelists, the Irish playwrights are optimists compared to Mr. Dreiser; yet his despondency arises not from a grievance but from clear-sightedness. Absurd to speak of his style when the construction of the novel is so inevitable, so grandiose, and so complete. Idle to carp at long or awkward sentences when the authentic tones of truth ring through every page. Here, indeed, are pity and terror; darkness hangs over the universe. There is something almost painfully real about the minute descriptions of the apparently insignificant actions of the hero as they are given here. Each has a tragic significance. . . . These things are happening, one says, everywhere. We call it an enlightened age. . . . Theodore Dreiser's voice cries startlingly "Quo vadimus?" The whole of this vast, sad book is shot with a rare appreciation of the essential beauty of man's innermost spirit; and if the millions of Clydes in the world are being swept into an abyss, the appalled reader of the menacing work of fiction closes it with the conviction that they are utterly and urgently worth salvation.

To Dreiser, unquestionably, belongs the distinction of having initiated the contemporary movement in American literature, and to that will perhaps be added the credit of marking a definite turn in the history of the attitude of Europe toward American books. To be sure, signs of such a turn have already appeared. England reads us; Germany is busy translating our works (though not always with great discrimination in its choice); Russia has established relations through a special committee for the publication in Russian of our best books; and even France, for centuries the most provincial of all European countries in its attitude toward literatures not its own, has begun to take cognizance of us. Cooper, Poe, and, for some strange reason, Harriet Beecher Stowe she has always read, but without thereby acknowledging our national literature, since she read Cooper for his savages and she maintained that Poe was a freak, unaccountable except upon the hypothesis that his genius was developed as the result of "French influences" received in the South. Now, however, she is becoming aware of our collective existence and is revealing, by such works as the sympathetic and informed survey of contemporary American literature recently published as a preface to a translation of Sherwood Anderson, that she is eager to understand our spirit as a whole. In view of such facts observable in all Europe some obviously outstanding work upon whose merits all can agree is of supreme importance and it looks now as if "An American Tragedy" were such a work.

Who reads an American book? Perhaps the time is not far off when that question will be as pointless as it would be now if "English" or "Russian" or "French" were substituted for "American." Already Sydney Smith's famous gibe, which, though it may originally have been innocent of offense, we have never been able to forget, has lost much of its sting.

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The Northern Literary World

By B. W. HUEBSCH

THERE is no heir, apparent or presumptive, to Brandes's laurels in Scandinavia. Indeed, it is a mistake to think of a successor in terms of nationality, for it is nothing more than chance that Brandes is a Dane. If a figure comparable to his should appear it is as likely to bob up in Salzburg or Seville as in Copenhagen. The accident of being born a Scandinavian has certain definite consequences. Geography and language, factors that tend toward isolation, are responsible for the twofold aspect of Scandinavian culture. The three lands are off the commonly traveled routes, their society has been thrown back on itself, and their manners and customs bear distinct marks of difference from those of other European nations. This isolation has developed a passion for travel, and thus the Scandinavian has seen and learned much of East and West and has freely taken and adapted to his own purposes whatever seemed desirable in the large world outside of his peninsula.

Similarly in the matter of language. It is not extraordinary that three countries with such a history as that of Scandinavia should have developed a notable literature; the English-reading world is becoming aware of the quantity and quality of books by Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes since the Saga period. A significant fact of their culture is that the economic obstacles to translating the literature of the world into languages read by only a few millions drive them to the study of languages. Thus, to the Scandinavian, a liability becomes an asset; the limitations of his own language have forced him to a greater altitude and a consequently wider vista.

Being without political world ambitions, and with fewer congenital prejudices than exist elsewhere in Europe, the North has bred critics who see clearly and assess with intelligence and impartiality. Brandes is, of course, the one who is universally known. The one other of recent years who might have stamped himself on the wider realm of letters was Oscar Levertin, a critic greatly admired and revered, who was cut off in his prime. The acknowledged leader of the Scandinavian literary republic is Henrik Schück, a Swede whose monumental general history of literature is now done, a great work in two senses. His history of Swedish literature, already a generation old, is without a peer. As a young man he published a study of Shakespeare's works, and some thirty years later he brought out, not a new edition but an entirely new book, in the preface to which he makes humorous apology for the presumption of his youth. But although Schück's works alone would make him the outstanding man of letters among those functioning actively, his commanding position is due to the qualities of intellectual leadership that have caused a school to grow up about him. It is not a controversial school but a life of which he is the center. His philosophical outlook, his consideration of social forces as factors in literature, his geniality, power, and style have attracted the best disciples, who, in turn, are the potential leaders of the younger generation.

The most dynamic figure in creative criticism in the North today is Fredrik Böök, also a Swede. He has unbounded energy, writes books, writes in magazines and newspapers, and lectures. His admirers are legion and it matters little to them that Böök often lets his first enthusiasm run away with him. He may not be a critic of the first rank, but he is charged with life, he inspires controversy, he is radio-active. Quite naturally such a man has detractors and enemies who turn his weaknesses to their account, and so there are camps from which sharp words are hurled. Böök's latest book, by the way, is not one of criticism but describes a journey to Jerusalem; it was one of the most popular volumes of the last Christmas season. One of the best of the younger scholars, one generally looked upon as Schück's legate, is Martin Lamm, whose interests and versatility prompt him to write of Swedenborg as well as Strindberg. And he is popular as a lecturer, not only in his university classes but in extension courses. Particularly interesting to Americans should be Ruben G:son Berg, an essayist and critic whose new "Modern Americans" is a just and sober estimate of our living literati.

It may be gathered from the foregoing—a mere fingering of the surface—that Swedish literary life is not wanting in critics. They are truly critics and not merely reviewers, although none of them scorns journalism. Fogelqvist writes much in a daily newspaper. They vitalize the public mind, they train thousands of readers to understand and demand true evaluations. The fact that Sweden, like every other country, produces a great deal of trash may not be concealed, but the reading public is never left in doubt; whoever buys Nick Carter does so with his eyes open.

Publishers everywhere are almost feverishly anxious to find in the literature of other lands the talent which is wanting in their own. Few will dispute the statement that there are only half a dozen men and women under sixty, the world over, who are first-rate story writers. On the whole it is an age of little people in imaginative prose. The book-trade suspects that there is something sterile, if not rotten, in the state of literature, and publishers in their naivete (yes, publishers are naive, as are bankers and politicians and all people generally counted as clever) turn to other lands, believing that "Dort wo du nicht bist, Dort ist das Glück." The Scandinavians, as well as other Europeans (the Latins in a smaller degree), translate a great deal.

To an American their choice seems just about as indiscriminate as does our selection of Scandinavian books to them. The books that sell well in the country of origin are the most likely to be translated, but Europeans apply their own taste to our product, or allow their own conception of the American character to govern them, and sometimes issue translations of works which have enjoyed no commercial success at home. All of Europe regards America as a phenomenon to be studied, hence those of our books which explore the American soul find the most eager response. Most Europeans who have looked into our literature are respectful, and often worshipful, before the name of Whitman. Many of them make a great leap from Whitman to Upton Sinclair. However critics may disagree on his merits, his books seem to have impressed Europe—or at least the Central Empires and Scandinavia—more deeply than have any other contemporary American social studies. Sinclair Lewis is the best known of today's American novelists; in certain advanced circles the word "Babbitt" is applied in its American significance. Sherwood Anderson is beginning to be translated. Berg devotes a chapter

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of his "Modern Americans" to Dreiser and Anderson. There is talk of a Swedish translation of "Spoon River," in consequence of the importance assigned to it by Berg. On the whole it is safe to say that Scandinavians prefer English fiction to American, but that is not to be wondered at, since English life and manners are close to the Scandinavian heart.

To those who believe that all Scandinavians are blondes, that all their women are cooks or chambermaids, that they all say "Ay Bane" when in America, and that Ibsen was a Swede or something, it may mean little that the lines between the three nations are hardening rather than melting. The political relations are friendly enough, but there is a distinct recognition of the pronounced differences that exist between Dane, Norwegian, and Swede. They have a healthy desire to maintain their separate identities, culturally as well as politically; identity does not mean narrowness, for it has been demonstrated that these small-nation people are perhaps to be taken more seriously as internationalists than are imperialists who do lip service to hollow Leagues and Courts. The Norwegians, long cultural vassals of the Danes, are furthering their ambition to revive the peasant speech, the *landsmaal*, although there are few present indications that this will be adopted as a literary language. Norway is publishing more books at home and depending less on Denmark, it is said. Nothing illustrates better the independence of the respective languages than the fact that a book by a popular Scandinavian author—Selma Lagerlöf's latest, for example—is issued simultaneously in Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian.

Sweden does cross-word puzzles and has an all-fiction magazine and in other ways does doubtful homage to our leadership. Just now the system of selling books on the instalment plan is being pushed to the utmost, not only by publishers who send their agents throughout the land but by retail booksellers who find their relations with their old customers threatened by the publishers' invasion of the retail field. An interesting feature of this new method of selling is that practically all of the books thus marketed are in de luxe bindings. The word "de luxe" usually connotes pinchbeck in American "sets," but these Swedish bindings are really representative of good bookmaking. And the literature is not like that which is associated with the terrible word "book-agent" in the United States. It consists of the tried works, classics and sound modern books, that deserve to be in good libraries. In one case, however, a work for sale on instalment payments has been specially prepared; it is an encyclopedia in about a dozen volumes, less exhaustive than the standard Swedish encyclopedia (which, by the way, is about to be issued in a new edition) but more popular. The advance sale of the new work was 65,000 copies; this in a country of only six millions! Another publishing project, already partly executed, is a series of fifty classics, mostly fiction. Its literary standing is attested by the names of the editors: Fredrik Böök, Martin Lamm, and Peter Hallström. Many of the books are from foreign languages, and where the existing translations are inadequate new ones are being made. This earnest interest in the literature of other lands is constantly in evidence; for instance, new editions of Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann" and Mill's "Autobiography" (with an introduction by Heckscher, the distinguished economist) have just appeared in Sweden. And there are others.

New Books in France

By RENÉ LALOU

Paris, October 10

ONCE more pessimism proves wrong; there is to be no abatement in the activity of French publishers this winter. Just look at the program of that one-year-old firm, les Arts et le Livre; you will find there several beautiful art books, new children's books by Rachilde and Mac Orlan, an anthology of literary prizes, the first three volumes of "The Nineteenth Century Studied Through Its Texts" (an undertaking which ought to appeal to foreign readers), and that collection called l'Intelligence in which such writers as Valéry, Gide, Curel, and Bergson will be represented by their most significant work. Material difficulties seem to have increased the national taste for the highest spiritual activities; no publishing season has been more promising as regards poetry. The Nouvelle Revue Française will offer Jouve's "Nouvelles Noces," two reprints of Valéry's "Charmes," and Thibaudet's matchless study on Mallarmé; Grasset will publish a book of poems by Mme de Noailles as well as two essays by the abbé Brémond on "Pure Poetry" and "Poetry and Prayer"—a much-discussed problem to which Kra will add a contribution by Maurice Martin du Gard, director of the Nouvelles Littéraires, called "Religion and Poetry."

The mighty dead will not be forgotten. Plon promises the diary of Maine de Biran, the philosopher, as well as "le Mystère en pleine Lumière," a posthumous work by Maurice Barrès. From Grasset we are to expect Mistral's collected essays and Pierre Champion's big study on Marcel Schwob, whose "Moeurs des Diurnales," a Rabelaisian, Swift-like pamphlet on journalism, was the first number of l'Intelligence. The N. R. F. will give both Debussy's "Monsieur Croché," the perfect anti-Wagnerite, and the letters that passed between Rivière and his friend Alain Fournier; with "le Temps Retrouvé" they will bring to a close the publication of Proust's prose epic, to which will be added a volume of his chronicles. Robert Dreyfus will edit with interesting commentaries the letters he received from Proust (Grasset), while his biographer, Léon Pierre-Quint, announces an essay on "The Comic Spirit in Proust" (Kra). The last-named firm is also to reveal three hitherto unpublished pamphlets by Stendhal, Benjamin Constant, and Gobineau and some of Rimbaud's letters to one of his teachers.

Let us now come to the protagonists of the French novel—I mean those from whom we are still to expect a novel every year for a quarter of a century onward. Grasset declares that in "Eglantine" Giraudoux has written a fascinating sequel to "Bella," that "le Bouddah Vivant" will be Paul Morand's masterpiece and a revelation of Asia, that Thérive's "Souffrances perdues" will keep a fine balance between romance and realism, that Mauriac's "Locuste" will probe deeply into the inmost secrets of family life. At Rieder Jolinon will publish a humorous study of provincial life, "la Paroissienne," and Panait Istrati will complete the cycle of his "Haidouc stories" with "Codine," a description of his childhood in Rumania. Life in the sanatoriums is the subject of Kessel's "Captifs" (N. R. F.), and the go-fever will be illustrated in "Partir," a novel by Dorgelès (Michel). These authors are still young and the firm of Crès has no room for them as yet in the Musée du Livre; but all of them are welcome in the collection Maîtres et

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Jeunes d'Aujourd'hui, a comfortable anteroom to universal glory. As for the true "young," Arland, Beucler, Crevel, Bove, Prévost, Eluard, Vitrac, Honnert, Kra and the N. R. F. extend to them the warmest hospitality; their poems and confessions will appear in the Cornets Littéraires and Une Oeuvre, un portrait; for such works are usually short and the sympathy of their readers is much increased by a portrait of the author facing his first page with a romantic look. Among their leaders Aragon will publish his kaleidoscopic "Paysan de Paris" (N. R. F.) and Soupault his intense "Corps Perdu" (Grasset), while one of their critics, André Lamandé, will bring out in Les Enfants du Siècle (Grasset) what ought to be a panoramic description of up-to-date romanticism.

As for the theater, Crès will publish a fifth volume of Lenormand and the seventh and last volume of Becque's complete works. Thanks to the N. R. F. we shall soon read Bloch's "Dernier Empereur," two plays by Jean Cocteau which have received qualified applause, and Romains's "Dictateur," recently staged after many difficulties and amid much passion, both literary and political; the same firm will also publish the "Théâtre de Maurice Boissard"—Romains's personal enemy and a cynical critic of the stage.

Last season Maurice Genevoix was awarded the Goncourt prize and Gilbert de Voisins the prize of the French Academy for literature; so Grasset has asked them to write the memories of their ante-laureate career and will publish Genevoix's "Boîte à Pêche" and de Voisins's "Les Miens." He will also give a "Racine politique" by Dubech, stating the French royalist point of view on that great poet. The influence of Maurras will be felt throughout the book, but it will be strongly opposed in an essay by the Thomist leader Maritain on Maurras and the Roman Catholics. Plon will publish that pamphlet, together with Jacques Boulenger's apology for the poetess Desbordes-Valmore, and a curious study by Arbelet of Stendhal's experiences as a grocer. Novelized lives have met with such success that the number of announcements in that line is increasing daily: Horatius and Propertius (Grasset), Descartes and Baudelaire (Plon), Henry IV, Montaigne, Law, and Stendhal (N. R. F.) are thus to be called back to life. The reason for those choices is not very clear, except in the case of Law, the father of modern financiers, who has unfortunately become what we call a "figure d'actualité." The interest in Asiatic things is somewhat lagging; will the travel-books of Claude Anet (Grasset) and Henry Bordeaux (Plon) revive last year's enthusiasm? Anyhow, Kra will score two cosmopolitan successes with a life of Mussolini and a biography of Suzanne Lenglen. "La porte du Sauveur" (Rieder) by Etienne Burnet is given as an impressive testimony on Bolshevism; two novels on the Jewish problem are to be expected from André Billy (Ed. de France), and Edmond Fleg at the N. R. F., which will also be responsible for Groethuysen's thesis on "l'esprit bourgeois." Les Arts et le Livre represents Africa with a competent study by André Berthelot. As for America, "Serafina" (Crès) will tell the tribulations of a young French girl who followed an American soldier, while Jacques Dyssord in "Joe" (Grasset) will publish the notebooks of an American citizen who discovers the Old World. Will it read like a translation? Of translations I have not spoken here; it is enough to say that they promise to be more numerous than ever, with a praiseworthy attempt at being less unfaithful both to the original text and to the French language.

Books

A German View of the Kaiser

Wilhelm der Zweite. Von Emil Ludwig. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag.*

IT would be difficult in the annals of biography to find a book more destructive to its subject than this extraordinary volume on the ex-Kaiser. What makes it the more devastating is the fact that, as he promises in his preface, Herr Ludwig cites no authority hostile to the Kaiser, but builds up his case only by citations from the Kaiser himself, his personal friends and admirers, his tutors and official intimates. More than that, he gives to the Kaiser a clean bill of health so far as his personal morality is concerned and takes the side of the Kaiser against the latter's parents. The tragic Emperor Frederick and his English wife he holds responsible for Wilhelm's unhappy youth and much of the still more unhappy bent of his pathological mind. He also stresses the Kaiser's physical deformity and attributes to his desire to conceal and conquer that defect many of his blustering traits—for instance, his masquerading as a soldier—while crediting him with enormous determination and will-power in overcoming a handicap which might have entirely ruined another career. It is only fair to add that the partisans of the Emperor Frederick and his consort have vigorously replied to Herr Ludwig's characterization of them. It is undeniable also that the empress-mother adequately sized up her son and, although usually opposed to Bismarck, was one with the Iron Chancellor in deploring that incredibly stupid policy of driving Great Britain into the alliance with Russia and France which was the undoing of Germany.

But the disasters of 1914-1918 were inevitable when the Kaiser came to the throne bereft of parental love and surrounded only by sycophants and court officials, not one of whom ventured to tell him the truth about himself and his policies. Historians of the future who read Herr Ludwig's volume will surely wonder how any people as gifted and as able as the Germans could possibly have stood for government by such a man. Not even the fact that many of our American citizens of the 100 per cent captain-of-industry type—the same who are now worshiping at Mussolini's shrine—declared the Kaiser to be "miraculous" exculpates the Germans; it was the great Nicholas Murray Butler himself who, after receiving the Red Eagle of the third class, declared the Kaiser to be "at once a man of action and a student," "of judicial temperament and abounding in sympathy and imagination," "of sound ideas and *true ideals*," who if he "had not been born to monarchy would have been chosen monarch—or chief executive—by popular vote of any modern people among whom his lot might have been cast." Those who saw him at closer range can still less be forgiven for their mental aberrations in estimating him.

Well, this German biographer of the Kaiser proves *per contra* that Dr. Butler's hero was incredibly shallow, entirely undereducated, with no sympathy for or understanding of the masses of his people; that he was vain, egotistic; that he was swung one way or another by hatred, by anger, and by jealousy, and was totally lacking in statesmanship, besides being cowardly to a degree. He had no ideals save the commonest imperialistic ones. Never could this great man face an issue or take a position unless compelled to do so. Usually he vacillated, trimmed, dodged, and if he decided, decided wrong. Take his attitude during the crisis prior to the war as Ludwig summarizes it. Immediately after the Serajevo assassinations, the Kaiser wrote: "The Serbs must be cleaned up and, what's more, promptly." On July 5 he first refused to give the Austrian Ambassador his consent to the despoiling of Serbia; after lunch, without consulting his Chancellor, he gave him a blanket power of attorney, for Germany. On July 10 he penned his

* Soon to be published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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belief that the Austrians were trying to devise terms the Serbians could not accept, yet he twice wrote "too bad" when the Austrian ultimatum was delayed. The Serbians were "a band of robbers who must be arrested for crimes." On July 26 he wrote: "One fulfils ultimata or one does not. But one does not discuss any longer!" Next he annotated Sazonov's threat, that if Austria devoured Serbia Russia would fight, with this slang: "All right; go to it!"

But when the Serbian answer came this man of war characteristically swung completely around: "A brilliant performance for a period of only forty-eight hours! This is more than one could have expected. A great moral success for Vienna; but with this *every reason for war disappears.*" He was ready then to be the intermediary for peace between Serbia and Austria—to intercede for what he had just said was "not a civilized nation," but "a band of robbers." The "murderers of princes" were actually praised. He had forgotten that he had ordered them driven from the Adriatic. Next his fury turned on the Czar—and the Serbians were again "bandits and murderers of kings." And so it went in that terrible crisis.

Beyond question the most moving and dramatic portion of this extremely dramatic book—(fascinating even though it gives evidence of haste in composition and suffers from its style)—is the straightforward narration of the wretched Kaiser's performance during the war. Always he was fed with good news—never bad; at first his orders alone were followed. Then authority slipped from him, for he developed no leadership, no inspiration, no quality of statesmanship, not the faintest glimmer of military capacity or understanding. He gave only *one hour a day* to the war! Vital military conferences were shortened or ended because lunch was ready; his headquarters, because of possible danger, remained 200 kilometers behind the front. And so, Ludwig writes, "one loses battles." As the end drew near everybody in his entourage talked to him of art, science, technical advances—anything to distract him. When finally the truth was revealed to Wilhelm he was utterly bankrupt, he could do nothing, advise nothing, say nothing—he could not even die with his troops. He would never surrender—"to the bitter end I shall fight." Go to Holland? Never, never. "Well"—a few hours later—"if I *must*, but not until tomorrow morning." The next morning his son to whom he had given his word not to flee could no longer find him in Germany. In the gray of the morning the Kaiser ended his utterly incapable career in the most incapable way. He lost his only chance to win the respect of mankind.

The Kaiser, it is said, proposes to answer Emil Ludwig. It would be characteristic of him, but still more characteristic if he decided not to, for this book is complete, overwhelming, crushing in its simplicity, its authoritativeness, and its directness. If it is not the final estimate of history, it is surely extraordinarily close to it. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Scraps of Paper

Chiffons de Papier. Par Alcide Ebray. Paris: André Delpench. 20 francs.

"A TREATY," someone has said, "is an agreement between two or three Powers, destined to be violated." M. Alcide Ebray's book should convince any one who doubts the definition. He parades before the eyes of the reader an uninterrupted series of treaty violations from 1830, when the Treaty of Vienna suffered its first but not its last infringement, to the days when France defied the Treaty of Versailles by her illegal occupation of the Ruhr. All of the Powers seem to have concealed under the signature of their diplomatic agents mental reservations pregnant with new conflicts, and they seem to have rivaled each other in bringing their tribute to the altar of disloyalty and perjury. Among these are the six violations of the Treaty of Vienna (1815), one of the Treaty of Paris (1856), and four of the Treaty of Berlin (1878), to cite only the principal European treaties of the century.

The World War made new records in the art of violating treaties. The belligerents indulged in an orgy of destroying these scraps of paper, and the defenders of law, of justice, and of civilization distinguished themselves particularly. To the violation of Belgium's and Luxembourg's neutrality by Germany M. Ebray opposes the violations by the Allies of the neutrality of Greece, of the perpetual neutrality of Corfu, and of international law at sea, the illegal financial blockade, the British protectorate in Egypt, the violation of Persian neutrality by Russia, Turkey, and England, and of the neutrality of the Aland Isles by Russia—a criminal series. But the crowning act is worthy of the beginning, and the "greatest scrap of paper" was the Armistice agreement of November 5, 1918, establishing Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points as the basis of the peace. This contract the victorious Entente flagrantly violated in the Treaty of Versailles, and the Government of France in occupying the Ruhr even violated that. The book concludes with an exposé of the question of Free Zones and of the Franco-Swiss disagreement which followed the French denunciation of her former pledges.

The author of "Chiffons de Papier" deserves a special place among the defenders of reconciliation through truth. He has only contempt for the hostility and anger which his book may arouse. His one reply is: "The only question is whether I tell the truth." BARON BAUDRAN

A New Look at Cervantes

El Pensamiento de Cervantes. Por Américo Castro. Madrid: Casa Editorial Hernando. 11 pesetas.

THERE has been no memorable book on Cervantes. Like Shakespeare and Goethe he has been the victim of many dull commentators, but no work of interpretation has yet been written about him, while already more than enough exists in the nature of philological studies. This book is not, strictly speaking, such a work of interpretation—it is only incidentally so. Scholarly in the very best sense of the word, ingenious and profound in his approach, Señor Américo Castro is concerned explicitly with an academic question. But the problems which he suggests and on which he touches tangentially are of very wide reach.

It has long been the fashion to think of Cervantes as an unlettered man—"un espíritu lego"—whose greatness consists entirely in his profound knowledge of human nature and his wide experience of the world. With his patriarchal authority Menendez y Pelayo placed the final seal of orthodoxy on this uncritical estimate of the author of "Don Quixote"; and not only Fitzmaurice Kelly but also many authoritative critics, foreign and Spanish, have helped it to gain currency. It was never suspected by these critics that lack of education and a profound knowledge of the world involved at bottom a contradiction. They never realized that such knowledge as they were willing to grant Cervantes implied a preoccupation with the intellectual problems which baffled the humanists. The fault lay, of course, in their own shallowness, in their own lack of philosophic insight, since they ignored the fact that intellectual problems have, as we would say today, pragramtic consequences, that they are therefore capable not only of philosophic but of dramatic treatment as well. It amounted to saying, as in fact Menendez y Pelayo did actually say, that Cervantes had no intellect because he left no system of metaphysics behind him. Furthermore, it never occurred to these critics that a man is great not only in so far as his expression of his own age is adequate and embracing—which, of course, implies a grappling with intellectual problems—but also in so far as he is able to transcend his age; that is to say, in so far as he is able to sound, and to some extent disintegrate, the popular dogmas and the fundamental

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abstractions under which he lives—which once more presupposes a mind consciously occupied with philosophic problems.

It has been Señor Castro's task to apply these criteria to Cervantes and to show how little justified, how superficial, has been the criticism of Cervantes until this very day. Taking concepts such as that of justice or love or that untranslatable Spanish "honor," studying parallelisms between Cervantes and Erasmus and other of the humanists, making also a careful study of Cervantes's aesthetic ideas as found expressed in his works, Señor Castro undertakes to show—and successfully shows—that Cervantes was a man of the Renaissance as much as any of the great humanists. He shows Cervantes as a man of profound intellectual preoccupations—of which he was fully conscious—and as a man of far wider culture than his critics heretofore have been willing to admit. He shows, for example, that his religious ideas were far from orthodox, that it was only his sly dissimulation which saved him from the jealous guardians of the current orthodoxy. He shows—and very strangely students of Cervantes had never seen any significance in this—that his attitude toward sex morality and toward justice goes distinctly counter to the popular ideas of his time. He shows, in short, that Cervantes considered and reacted very quickly to every influence of the Renaissance, and that this reaction is not implicit but explicit in his work, and discernible to a reflective reader with an adequate culture. For Cervantes, an aristocrat of the mind, never wrote for the unlettered mob.

Unfortunately, the book is only incidentally an elucidation of the genius of Cervantes. Unfortunately, too, it is only incidentally a very suggestive approach to the study of the method of Cervantes—the method by which he managed to translate into dramatic terms problems which were, to him, consciously, intellectual ones. Yet it is so rich in implications, it studies Cervantes from so unique an angle, that no student of Cervantes or of Spanish culture can overlook it. ELISEO VIVAS

The Simple Savage

Die Malerei der Eiszeit. Von Herbert Kühn. München: Delphin-Verlag.

ARTISTIC expression is determined by two factors: ego and environment. The former of these, which builds its own world, results in art that is abstract, symbolical. Environment, on the other hand, exists here and now; the man governed by it seeks no hidden meaning behind obvious things. With this as his thesis, Herbert Kühn sets out to interpret the painting and sculpture of the Old Stone Age. He first corrects the error—made more often by historians than by scientists—that stylized art is primitive. Granted, it is the art of many savages; but savages may possess an elaborate and ancient culture. The evidence shows that stylized art is a product of the ego, the result of ages of cultural evolution, a companion of deep mysticisms and complicated philosophies. It is the precise opposite of primitive.

True primitive art, therefore, is realistic: the art of a moment in nature. Thousands of specimens of it hang on the walls of galleries, acclaimed by critics. Since it belongs to our age we ignore its primal relationships; were we less egocentric we should place it where it belongs—as a relic of the troglodyte age. But it is not of the salon that Kühn writes. The paintings which he analyzes rest on the walls of great limestone caverns where in dark, subterranean galleries survive the records of the Cro-Magnon race, dwellers in Europe when man fought the cave bear and hyena for possession of southern France.

Herr Kühn has selected several of these ancient pictures for detailed review—three bison from Altamira, two reindeer and a wolf from Font-de-Gaume, and several other important pieces. He shows the skill with which the paleolithic artists distributed masses of color to show power of movement in standing bodies or massed them to center force. He calls attention to effective devices of contrast and shading; points out vigorous modeling and skilful brushwork. In short, he proves that Cro-Magnard man was a capable painter, of impressionistic leanings, who did work that many a modern might envy.

In his analysis of sculpture and the earlier types of Cro-Magnon drawing, however, Herr Kühn is less convincing. Like many critics he seems to judge a picture by its size, accuracy of outline, and perfection of blending. Applying similar standards to sculpture, he finds slight merit in that of the paleolithic, which is small, simple, and none too realistic in details. Herr Kühn lumps sculpture with early drawings, and dismisses both as relics of an early and unimportant stage in Cro-Magnard artistic evolution.

This is unfortunate, for it chances that the very pieces which Kühn rejects are the ones which most attract the progressive artist of 1926. Impressionism, which Kühn praises so loudly, is at best a somewhat sublimated realism, comparing with the art of Chagall and Matisse somewhat as Hough compares with Theodore Dreiser. Therefore, when Kühn shows us that the Cro-Magnards became impressionists he does not take our breath away; we wonder if he can say nothing better of them.

Clearly, then, primitive Cro-Magnard art has much in common with that of the radicals of today. To my mind this indicates a defect in Herr Kühn's theory—it indicates that things are less simple than he makes them, and that his separation of ego and environment is artificial as well as arbitrary. I cannot believe that a man with the intellect of the Cro-Magnard would be merely a "creature of the environment," no matter how simple his life. Moreover, we know that this life was not simple: that it was characterized by religion and ritualism, and by elaborate magic. With this the case, what becomes of Herr Kühn's thesis?

Of course he avoids the difficulty by denying to Cro-Magnard man any formalization of life. He dismisses with a sentence the evidence of magic, assumes lack of religion without argument, insists on extreme simplicity of social organization and habit. Yet he does not argue against the evidence, and the graves, models, and pictured dancers and magician remain unanswered. In short, Herr Kühn has been carried away by his thesis, which leads him to deny wholesale the work of anthropologists. Artists have a way of doing this, just as scientists have a way of pooh-poohing or ignoring the ideas of artists. Both are wrong; the evidence is at hand, and must be studied fairly by anyone who would interpret the psychological background of Cro-Magnard art. That Herr Kühn has not done so is unfortunate, for the errors he recklessly makes do much to destroy confidence in what otherwise would be a most welcome book. CARROLL LANE FENTON

Heavens Above and Earth Beneath

The World of William Clissold. By H. G. Wells. George H. Doran Company. Two volumes. $5.

WITH unnumbered reams of paper before him and the world's most rapid pen in his hand, H. G. Wells has begun once more from the beginning, determined that this time at least nothing from the Cro-Magnon man to Henry Ford shall escape him and that of one book at least he shall be able to say: "'Tis all ye know on earth or need to know." Here, prehistory and prophecy both have their place along with religion, science, economics, and sociology, and nothing that has been said before need on that account be left unsaid. Mr. Wells has written—and the world has read—some thirty-two novels and romances, an outline of history, and a dozen volumes of sociological disquisition, to say nothing of various miscellaneous works, but it does not matter. Everything that he has ever said before—provided he still believes it—must be said again, and though in the process his interest never fails,

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that of his readers sometimes does. Not only is the character of our civilization reanatomized and the meaning of history re-canvassed, but we are treated to the life of one more hero—is it the tenth or perhaps the twelfth?—who began a career in pure science only to discover that the need for woman forced him into a more lucrative career. In short "The World of William Clissold" contains, let us say, two hundred pages of reasonably fresh material and six hundred that are merely *réchauffé*.

Moreover all of it, the fresh and the stale alike, is written in that clear, facile, but debased style characteristic of its author. If the essence of the journalistic style is, as I take it to be, the sacrifice of every other virtue—beauty, conciseness, and accuracy—to what is called "readability," then Wells is the perfect journalist. Never once does he let us pause. Better three pages that can be skimmed with the eye than one phrase so apt or so compact that it must be weighed for an instant. There are some clever things cleverly said, but they are all but lost in a flow of words and a flood of sentences, always competent, seldom distinguished. Patiently, painfully clear, mercilessly explicit, and yet jaunty with the jauntiness of the popular lecturer desperately afraid lest his audience shall walk out in the midst of his most earnest plea, the book constitutes in itself the most damning arraignment of that popular education with which its author is so much concerned; it illustrates in itself all that vulgarization implies.

The work is called "a novel from a new angle." The historico-scientific and the politico-sociological disquisitions which constitute the bulk of the volumes are presented, so the preface states, merely as the opinions of the hero and hence an essential part of his character if he is not to be represented, like most of the characters in English and American novels, "as cleaned of thought as a rabbit is of his bowels." Yet what is one to say of a "novel" which proceeds after the following fashion: "In the next two or three sections I propose to write a short history of human society as a labor-money complex evolved out of the primitive patriarchal society"; and which, moreover, makes good this threat? What except that it is, the good intention of the author notwithstanding, no novel at all and that it fails as such, not because its hero has opinions, but because these opinions are not fused in any way with the other elements of the story? They are not integrated structurally because the narrative is merely abandoned from time to time that they may be interjected, and they are not integrated in any less tangible fashion because the majority of them exercise no determining influence upon the hero's life. The course of his career, amorous and commercial, would have remained quite the same even though he had never heard of the Cro-Magnon civilization or the Old Man of the tribe, and his opinions upon these topics are quite as irrelevant to them as they are to the fact that an automobile accident in the mountains cut short his life. The book is, then, not "a novel from a new angle" but merely the device of a conciliatory pedagogue who says: "Now if you will listen attentively to what I have to say, I will tell a tale before we go to the next lesson."

Only a very famous man would be permitted to ramble at so unconscionable a length, and the privilege is one of doubtful value. Buried in the two volumes are half a dozen good magazine articles, like the bitter analysis of the element of suppressed envy in modern socialism which ends with the frankest statement Mr. Wells has ever made of his lost faith in the mass and his prophecy of an "aristocratic revolution," and a score or more shrewd observations like that of the hero who remarks: "I will not say coarsely that I learned that women are to be bought, but I saw quite clearly that they must be paid for." Yet buried they are for the very reason that Wells, because of his great fame, may wander and repeat as he will in the full assurance that no publisher will dare to suggest that he change one word. He is a privileged talker, and the best of such suffer more often than not from their privilege.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Last Napoleon

Die Rheinpolitik Kaiser Napoleons III von 1863 bis 1870 und der Ursprung des Krieges von 1870-1871. Von Hermann Oncken. Drei Bände. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

THIS new work on the Rhine policy of Napoleon III is monumental. Such a wealth of documents, most of them new, has seldom been devoted to one limited subject; while the introduction in itself is a complete book, clear, readable, and convincing. The fact is here brought home that the Spanish candidature was a mere episode—a pretext on which Napoleon seized. Already Lord Clarendon had warned Victoria that Napoleon's set purpose was to assure the future of his dynasty by obtaining an increase of territory. He thought to gain his goal with the aid of Bismarck. As soon as the Danish war was over he laid down the alternatives: compensation for France or war. He worked to bring about the war of 1866 for the double purpose of rendering Germany impotent and acquiring for France the Left Bank of the Rhine. We have the confession of Minister Drouyn de Lys that Napoleon's policy was to conclude a neutrality treaty with both sides, the price of which should be the coveted provinces. His demands varied according to circumstances; at one time he would have been content with the boundaries of 1814, at another with an independent buffer state. He sought an alliance with Prussia that would have given him Belgium.

Napoleon's persistency and his ingenuity in finding new expedients during the period covered by Oncken were amazing—amazing, too, the cold calculating spirit in which he reckoned on gaining his ends through a general war. He so influenced Austria that on the eve of her struggle with Prussia she consented to his price—this time the Rhenish buffer state. He had helped to bring Austria and the South German States together; he felt sure that the combination would win. All the more bitter was his disappointment at the outcome of the struggle. Revenge for Sadowa became the war cry of the French nation. Napoleon still tried to lure concessions from Bismarck: cooperation in invading Belgium and consent to the cession of Luxemburg to France. Bismarck went very far. If Napoleon wished to annex Belgium he would not stand in his way; but taking an active part in the matter was out of the question. Checked in every direction, facing overthrow at the hands of the disappointed militarists at home, Napoleon saw in war the only hope of propping up a falling dynasty. The years 1868 and 1869 are full of the attempt to close offensive and defensive alliances with Austria and Italy. An agreement was reached by which the three sovereigns felt morally bound, and in all three countries military reorganization was carried on with feverish haste. Then fell the bomb of the Spanish candidature. We have the confession from the French side that the chief grievance was that the incident came *too soon*. France already had a lead of ten days in war preparations; a few days more and she would have been invincible.

Among Napoleon's severest critics in the Spanish matter were the Austrians. Metternich asked Grammont why he did not go to war with Spain rather than with Prussia—told him he was merely jumping at a pretext for starting a war; and Beust thought that "appearances indicate a little too clearly that France wants to pick a quarrel with the Prussians."

The documents are full of interesting revelations, and they give a wonderful insight into the frame of mind of Napoleon and Eugenie. Metternich, whose dispatches are given, was his confidant and, despite his criticisms, his well-wisher. A French victory would have changed the whole course of history. But Austria, it is clear, was hampered by various considerations and by a wholesome fear of Prussia. These volumes are of the first importance to students of the relations between France and Germany in the nineteenth century.

ERNEST F. HENDERSON

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The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of $50 and a third prize of $25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Books in Brief

Spanische Wanderungen. Ein Reisebericht von Hans Roselieb. Berlin: Deutsche Buch-Gemeinschaft.

This earnest disciple of Montesquieu sets out to trace the influence of Spain's geographical, geologic, and climatic character on the nature and history of her inhabitants.

Pedro Calderon de la Barca. Von Dr. Max Victor Depta. Leipzig: Verlag Quelle & Meyer.

In this simple study of the second greatest dramatist of the Spanish Siglo de Oro, Dr. Depta has been as rigidly systematic as a dictionary-maker. But his manual will probably be much more frequently consulted by students of Spanish literature than more brilliant and more readable volumes.

Shakespeare, Wesen und Werke. Von Julius Bab. Stuttgart: Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft.

Most interesting here is the listing of Shakespeare's great depreciators, Voltaire, Tolstoi, Shaw, in an effort to differentiate them from the unqualified admirers, Goethe, Hebbel, Swinburne.

Romain Rolland und die Erneuerung der Gesinnung. Von Eugen Lerch. München: Max Hueber Verlag.

Reinforced with forty pages of bibliography and notes, this work is sound and useful in spite of a tendency to uniform eulogy which is a little unfair to "Jean Christophe" and to the new, incredibly delicate, and beautiful "Soul Enchanted" serial. The final chapter of appraisement, envisaging Romain Rolland as repeating or renewing a Rousseauistic return of spontaneity, ends too abruptly for clearness.

Grabbe. Der Roman Seines Lebens. Von Paul Friedrich. Berlin: Concordia Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. Engel und Toeche.

Paul Friedrich has done a great service to the memory of the Westphalian Shakespeare. He has edited his works, he has collected and published a Grabbe memorial volume, and he has sponsored stage performances of four or five of the most playable dramas. This volume is probably an additional service, although, apparently quite unintentionally, it confirms rather than confutes the charges of surly boorishness, obstinacy, and ingratitude commonly brought against the wretched, half-mad author of "Napoleon," "Hannibal," and half a dozen other astonishingly powerful and astonishingly bad plays of violent passion and contemptuous pose.

Le Walter Scott Normand. Barbey D'Aurevilly. Par Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Plon. 9 francs.

A pleasant volume on the regional novelist who immortalized in literature the little Cotentin peninsula which juts out northwest from Normandy. If M. Bordeaux adds to this generation's interest in a neglected writer, of whom Remy de Gourmont said truthfully that if a certain book of his had been written by Balzac it would be acclaimed as Balzac's greatest book, he will have done a real service.

Reise in Polen. Von Alfred Döblin. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

A popular German novelist travels into the four corners of Poland, spends some observant days or weeks in each one of its six or eight principal cities, and writes keenly and sympathetically of what he sees and hears. More interested in human beings than in states, governments, and politics, he tells us considerably more about Poles than he does about Poland. When a German can write like this about Poland, there must be hope for Europe.

Richard Dehmel. Die Geschichte eines Lebens-Werkes. Von Julius Bab. Leipzig: H. Haessel Verlag.

Dehmel has been dead five or six years, but this painstaking life by Julius Bab was undertaken at his instance, and is informed with life and reality through the author's personal acquaintance with him. A rash, tumultuous, generous nature and a slowly ripening but at last magnificent gift are here evaluated by one of the keenest contemporary critics.

International Books in Brief

International Relations as Viewed from Geneva. By William E. Rappard. Yale University Press. $2.50.

A sympathetic but fair record of the League's work in executing the peace treaties, in promoting international cooperation, and in attempting to outlaw war, written by a philosophical Swiss professor.

The League of Nations at Work. By Philip Noel Baker. London: Nisbet and Company. 3/6.

An amiable account of the work of the League so short that, as the preface declares, its failures and mistakes are omitted.

Syria. By Leonard Stein. Adelphi Press. $1.50.

A brief history of Syria since it fell into French hands after the armistice. The author, being British, restrains his condemnation of the Mandatory Power.

Survey of International Affairs, 1924. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

This invaluable reference book is full of meat. On West European affairs, and in its generous chapters on security and movement of population, it is excellent; but it is absurd that its data on Russia should be so largely based on gossip from the London *Times*.

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Geneva Opium Conference: Statements of the Chinese Delegation. By Sao-Ke Alfred Sze. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.25.

A footnote to a dirty history.

Addresses. By Sao-Ke Alfred Sze. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.25.

The Chinese Minister to the United States graciously indicts the Western Powers and proclaims China's right to break their leading-strings.

Das Französische Gelbbuch von 1914. Edited by Alfred von Wegerer. Berlin: Deutsche Verlag für Politik und Geschichte.

When will the French dare open their war archives to the historians? Already Poincaré, and Viviani, and Bourgeois and Pagès, the French yellow book on the Balkan crises, and the Russian publications have brought to light essential documents omitted from the official "Yellow Book" that helped deceive us all in 1914. Dr. von Wegerer has collated the new documents with the old in an impressive exhibit of official text-twisting.

Von Bismarck zum Weltkriege. Von Erich Brandenburg. Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte. Zweite Auflage. $3.

This is the second edition of what is today the standard volume of pre-war German diplomacy. Brandenburg's work does not lend color to the charge recently advanced by Professor Vermeil of the University of Strasbourg, that "Die Grosse Politik" tended to clear the Germans of all responsibility for the pre-war hatreds, the armed camp of Europe, and the outbreak of the war. His volume is at times very bitter in its criticism of official stupidity and lack of vision; but his references are in most cases to the published documents. Brandenburg's is thus not merely an excellent first-hand account of the pre-war situation but also the best check anywhere to be found on the published German documents.

Drama

Spiders

WHAT Bacon said quaintly of philosophers may be said of writers as well. Some are ants, laboriously accumulating material which remains an inert mass; some are spiders, spinning endless threads of gossamer extracted from their own bowels; and some are bees, ranging widely over the fields of the world but digesting what they find into honey. Bacon intended no disrespect (at least to the bees) when he employed this entomological metaphor, and I intend none now; but Luigi Pirandello, introduced to America some years ago with his "Six Characters in Search of an Author" and responsible for the newly produced "Naked" (Princess Theater), is an unmistakable spider. Long before he dreamed of turning dramatic author he was trained in that paradise of arachnids, the University of Bohn, and there he entangled himself, once and for all, in metaphysical webs. "Lost in Plato's honey head," eternally preoccupied with the relations of being and seeming, of reality and fiction, he spins endless subtle threads which no delicate endeavor of the mind can disentangle, but which the toe of Dr. Johnson's boot—that famous boot with which he endeavored to demonstrate the reality of matter—would find very immaterial indeed.

"Naked" is one of that whole series of plays in which Pirandello has endeavored to dramatize the relation between characters as they are and as they are supposed to be. Specifically it deals with the unsuccessful efforts of an unfortunate girl to achieve some definite existence in the mind of

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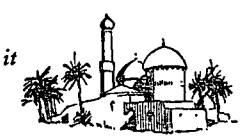

Mohammed *by R. F. Dibble*

The ideal biography of the season for readers of *The Nation*—the story of the prophet-politician. "This gorgeous story Mr. Dibble tells robustly and shrewdly."—CARL VAN DOREN, *The Nation. 2nd printing.* $3.00.

***From* GOETHE *to* HAUPTMANN**

by Camillo Von Klenze

LUDWIG LEWISOHN in *The Nation* says of this study of comparative literatures: "His vision sweeps Europe and America. His results are calculated to deepen and vivify the proper study of literature among us." $2.50.

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herself and others, efforts which, beginning close to reality in an attempt to enter the categories of wife and mother, end in an ecstasy of pathological lying which makes her a seven-days' wonder in the newspapers and all but crowns her hope with the attainment of real being as a character in a novel. Each of the important personages of the play is multiple—what he is, what he wants to be, and what each of the others thinks him—and the action consists in the process by which these separate elements are in a certain measure distinguished from one another. It begins when the novelist, intrigued by the woman whom the newspapers have led him to suppose the heroine to be, takes her under his wing; and it ends when she has been stripped naked of all seemings, left a creature with no existence except as a certain quantity of flesh and bones and hence no longer real at all in any world that counts. Fate has blocked every one of her efforts to achieve a significance in either her own mind or the mind of others, and she takes poison in order that at least she may become "a girl who committed suicide."

The thing which distinguishes Pirandello's plays, which forces them upon even an unwilling attention, is the unexpected, almost inexplicable passion with which his fancies are invested and which leads him to the invention of strangely intensified characters upon whom metaphysical conceptions work with all the destructive force of the most elemental emotions. Every reflective mind has toyed at times with speculations akin to his, but there are few for whom they are very real, few who *live* as though such subtilties were important; and only very rarely does a mind like Melville's or like Pirandello's become mastered by them. For him the web has become a thing not of gossamer but of steel. Bound hand and foot in spider's silk, he struggles desperately to wrench himself free; cries of very real anguish, torment, and despair burst from his lips; and though all about him may protest that nothing really restrains him, that he needs only the movement which ignores their existence and which daily living every moment involves in order to snap the invisible cords which bind him, it is just that brutal physical movement that he cannot make. Hence it is that however intangible the substance of his plays, their emotion is very real and they have in consequence the power to hypnotize for an hour the spectators who watch them and to make gossamer seem irrefragable. Yet it is only for an hour or two at most that the spell lasts. Though the two chief characters in the present production are excellently interpreted by Augustin Duncan and Marguerite Risser, one leaves the theater rubbing one's eyes and content to be once more in a world where, for the sake of convenience, we generally assume that things are more or less what they seem and where, by consequence, people do not usually commit suicide except for fairly tangible reasons.

Ferenc Molnar, I have always maintained, is a writer whose world is completely confined within the framework of the proscenium arch and whom it is impossible to discuss in any terms save those which belong exclusively to the theater. He is a skilful puppet-master whose sole concern is with manipulation, and in "The Play's the Thing" (Henry Miller's Theater), the latest of his pieces to be performed here, he appears as frankly that. The story concerns a pair of playwrights, it involves a play within a play, and it takes its point from the way in which the author continually directs the attention of the audience to the ingenuity of his own devices. P. G. Wodehouse made the adaptation, and a good deal of the wit of the lines appears to be his. As ably acted and directed by Holbrook Blinn it furnishes an extremely amusing evening. "Head or Tail" (Waldorf Theater) is an excruciatingly undistinguished comedy-drama from the Hungarian, dealing with a jealous husband and a wavering wife.

"John Gabriel Borkman" and "The Little Clay Cart" have been added to the current repertories of, respectively, the Civic Repertory Theater and the Neighborhood Playhouse.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Foreign Rule in Shanghai

By JAMES H. DOLSEN

Shanghai, September 30

SHANGHAI, the great commercial metropolis of the Far East, suppresses all free speech on the subject which matters most to the mass of its citizenry—their ability to make a decent living for themselves and their families.

Working conditions are notoriously bad, as the Shanghai Child Labor Commission Report of two years ago revealed. An exhaustive investigation made this year under the direction of the industrial department of the National Y.M.C.A. Committee of China shows that there has been little, if any improvement. The wages of the overwhelming majority of the 450,000 persons engaged in this city in industry and transportation are below $12 a month. As wages are paid in silver ("Mex"), this reduces itself to $6 a month in American currency. The average income monthly of an adult male is estimated by M. Thomas Tchou, who was in charge of the Y.M.C.A. inquiry, at between $10 and $15 ("Mex"). Including the earnings of the wife and children, the latter of whom may start in the mills as early as six years of age, Tchou concludes that the ordinary family income does not exceed $20 a month.

A study of estimates by Chinese and foreign authorities of budgets for typical Chinese families shows that a family consisting of the parents and two children—the reader will realize that the ordinary family consists of more children—reaches a total of from $21 to $23 a month. The following, which was used in a series of articles in the Shanghai *Times*, a conservative paper, reveals what a dreary existence is implied within such limits. In this case the family income exceeded the $20 a month income by a few dollars.

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Conditions last summer became worse because of the unprecedentedly high price of rice. As this is the staple food of the workers and in many cases practically their sole sustenance it is not remarkable that symptoms of discontent appeared among the masses. The normal price of rice ranges from $10 to $12 per picul (133 1/3 lbs.). In August it reached nearly $20 per picul. The rise of the general price level over last year's as shown by the official index numbers was then about 35 per cent.

Unrest in the factories became more pronounced. But the authorities of the International Settlement, advertised proudly as "the Model Settlement," within whose boundaries most of the mills are located declined to face the situation.

In the Shanghai Municipal Council Report for 1925, the secretary, E. S. B. Rowe, cites the following reply to a protest against police interference with a gathering to elect delegates to a national conference:

> The council has learned by experience that the introduction into the Settlement (city) of political questions, particularly where there are so many conflicting interests, is detrimental to its peace and order and to the best interests of its inhabitants as a whole, and it has therefore determined that so far as lies in its power it will preserve the Settlement from these incitements to disorder and trouble which unrestricted airing of political views inevitably provides.

A regulation of the Settlement Council requires a 48-hour notice in advance "of the intention to hold any meeting partaking of a political nature, so as to allow sufficient time for investigation and a decision as to whether such meeting may or may not be held."

The foreign council which rules Shanghai publishes a monthly *Municipal Gazette*, a large part of which is occupied with descriptions of how the Settlement police, composed of Chinese and Sikh patrolmen under British officers, help the local employers break strikes, as for instance: "Three of the mills affected [referring to the situation in July among the 19,563 cotton-mill workers then on strike] locked out the workers. This had the effect of reducing t latter to reasonableness in two instances. . . . " The reference is to the return of the workers in two of the Japanese mills when they could no longer hold out. One of the local English papers admitted the strikers had been starved into returning to work.

The acme of this anti-union attitude is contained in a memorandum which was sent to the mill-owners of this district by the Shanghai Municipal Police Department in July. It points out many of the ways in which the employers can help prevent strikes. The memorandum draws attention "to the employers' lack of precautions in not preventing agitators and other undesirable people entering their mills." It complains of the "failure of the employers to inform the police early enough when any dispute starts." The memorandum concludes that "a sterner front is necessary" in view of the capitulations made by the managements in recent strikes at Japanese mills. Such acts as refusing to charge rioters arrested or detained by the police, payment of wages to the workers for periods that they have been idle through their own fault, and granting interviews to agitators who profess to represent the workers are frowned upon as "a mistaken leniency." Under the latter classification are also included yielding to the agitators' demands and reengaging dismissed men.

It requires little foresight to see that under repression such as this, with the cost of living constantly rising and living conditions for the overwhelming mass of the working people insufferably bad, the whole state of affairs complicated by the growing resentment against foreign domination, a breaking-point must be reached where almost anything is possible. Ninety-seven per cent of the population of this tyrannized Settlement are Chinese. A few of the more thoughtful of the leaders of foreign opinion and the industrialists see the danger, but most do not, and the "diehards" dominate. They will surrender nothing except to a force greater than that which they can muster. Perhaps the Cantonese armies will awaken them at last.

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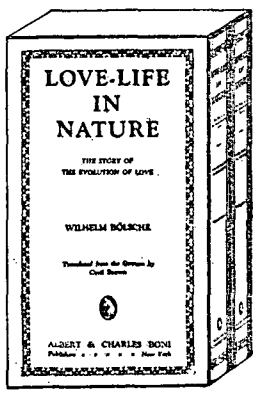

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Japan's Alien Land Law

AN imperial ordinance providing detailed regulations for alien land-ownership in Japan took effect on November 10. A draft of this ordinance, settling a matter which had been in dispute for fifteen years, was summarized as follows in the Japan *Chronicle* (Kobe) for September 9:

1. Aliens or alien juridical persons belonging to the countries mentioned below cannot own land in the Japanese Empire: China, Persia, and Finland.

2. If aliens or alien juridical persons belonging to the countries mentioned below desire to own land in the empire, they must obtain the permission of the Minister of Justice and the Foreign Minister: Sweden, Norway, Poland, Holland, Haiti, Cuba, Brazil, Venezuela, and Chile.

3. Each State of the United States shall be regarded as a country, and in regard to the possession of land in Japan by aliens or juridical persons belonging to each State, the stipulation of Article 1 of the Alien Land Law shall be applied.

4. In regard to Japanese or alien juridical persons, a majority of whose members, shareholders, or executive officers, or more than one-half of whose capital or a majority of the votes of which belong to aliens or alien juridical persons as mentioned in Article 1 of the Alien Land Law, they shall be regarded as of the nationality of the countries whose nationals constitute more than two-thirds of these juridical persons, and as such Article 1 of the Alien Land Law shall be applied. For instance, if the number of the foreigners employed by juridical persons is in the proportion of 2 for Englishmen and 1 for Americans, this juridical person shall be regarded as a British concern, and shall be treated as such under the law.

5. Under Article 4 of the law, aliens or alien juridical persons are forbidden to own land in the districts mentioned below: (*a*) The strategical zones, (*b*) Sado Island, (*c*) Oki Island, (*d*) the Luchus, (*e*) the Idzu Islands, (*f*) the Bonins, (*g*) the Kuriles, and (*h*) the Korean border.

6. In case aliens or alien juridical persons have lost their land-ownership rights under the Alien Land Law, they must dispose of their land within a year, as otherwise their land shall be put to auction.

In commenting upon the law the *Chronicle* said:

The number of foreigners who will take advantage of the new law to own land in Japan will be very small—all the smaller because the one nation which has the greatest interest in owning land in Japan, the Chinese, is expressly excluded. The hesitation in granting land-owning rights to foreigners no doubt arose from the traditional fear of foreign domination. To allow a person of any other nationality to own a piece of the sacred soil of Japan seemed almost like sacrilege. On the other hand, there was the desire that Japanese subjects should be allowed to own land abroad and the desire to remove the reproach cast upon Japan, that while she claimed land-owning privileges abroad, she did not grant them to aliens in her own country.

China, it will be noticed, ranks with Persia and Finland among the countries outside the pale of land-ownership in Japan. It is a strange combination, but presumably the land laws of Persia and Finland also prohibit foreign ownership. To be quite fair the Japanese Government should have included in this list those States of America which also prohibit foreign ownership, since the regulations provide that each State of the United States shall, for the purposes of the law, be considered as a separate country. Article 1 of the Alien Land Law, it will be remembered, requires that persons belonging to countries which either prohibit the acquisition of rights regarding land by a Japanese subject or make their acquisition

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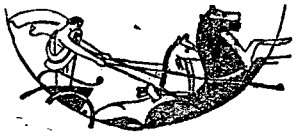

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conditional or restrictive, shall have the same or similar conditions or restrictions applied to them. Thus those States in the United States which prohibit land-ownership by aliens rank with China, Persia, and Finland in being excluded from land-ownership in Japan. Of course the difficulty here is that the United States courts are prone to make a difference between aliens who can acquire naturalization and those who cannot, a restriction which cannot be applied in Japan, where the naturalization law does not provide for any exceptions. In fact, the regulations as far as the United States are concerned will be very difficult to apply. There is no system of registration in America, except that of birth, and the State to which any American belongs is thus difficult to determine, since he might be born in one State, and yet be domiciled in another. An American who happened to be born in a State which prohibited alien land-ownership but had passed his life in a State which had no such prohibitory legislation would consider himself badly treated if he was told that he had no right to own land in Japan. Then there are the countries whose nationals are required to obtain the consent of the Minister of Justice and the Foreign Minister before they can own land in Japan. These include Sweden, Norway, Poland, Holland, and several South American countries. No explanation is given. . . .

The present law is better than the one which was passed some years ago, but never brought into operation, inasmuch as the Hokkaido is not excluded in its application. But nevertheless it is drawn up in a very niggling spirit, hardly in consonance with the high and lofty principles of racial equality which Japan ostensibly espouses. . . . Juridical persons formed by nationals who are not allowed by the regulations to own land in Japan will have to dispose of their property within a year, and the determination of the right of American juridical persons to hold property will probably give plenty of work to the lawyers. In the case of juridical persons formed of two or more nationalities there will be further complications. Thus the law, far from being an extension of privileges, is in some respects reactionary and will entail hardships. Japan's complaint against America is not that the States prohibited land-ownership but that once having granted it, they should withdraw the right without any consideration for the losses entailed by this change of policy. Japan herself, however, is following in the same path. After having granted foreign juridical persons the right to own land unrestrictedly, she now proceeds to put restrictions on such ownership. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

RAYMOND CLAPPER is the Washington correspondent for the United News.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, spent last winter in the Orient.

IDA TREAT is the author of "Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees," to be published this winter.

B. W. HUEBSCH, the publisher, now associated with the Viking Press, is spending a year in Europe.

RENÉ LALOU is the author of "Contemporary Literature in France."

BARON BAUDRAN, a retired French army officer who now resides in Berlin, is deeply interested in bringing Germany and France together on the basis of perpetual peace.

ELISEO VIVAS, a frequent reviewer of Spanish books for *The Nation*, is now at the University of Wisconsin.

CARROLL LANE FENTON, paleontologist, is at the Walker Museum, University of Chicago.

ERNEST F. HENDERSON has made a study of war-origins, particularly in connection with Sir Edward Grey.

JAMES H. DOLSEN, now in China, is the author of "The Awakening of China."

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